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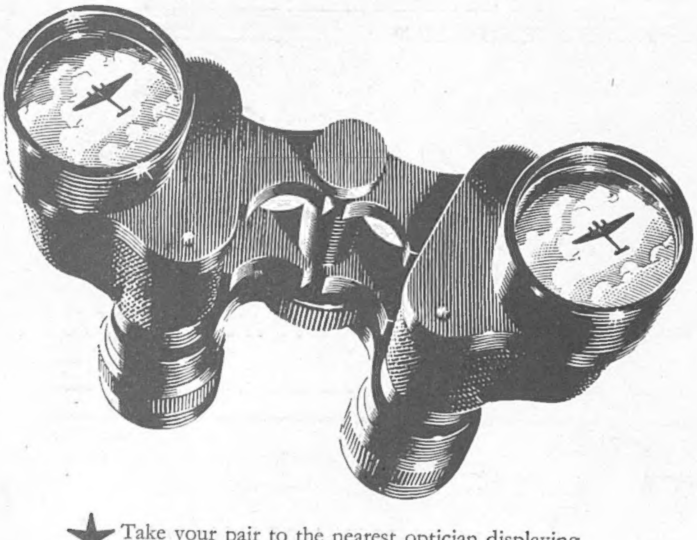

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The Sketch

No. 2502—Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER, GROSVENOR STREET, W.

WIFE OF A HERO.

The HON. MRS. CLAUDE NICHOLSON *is the wife of Brigadier Claude Nicholson, commander of the small B.E.F. force which so heroically defended Calais in the dark days of June, when the British Army was in jeopardy after the collapse of Belgium. The Prime Minister described this epic defence in glowing words. Brigadier Nicholson, who is now a prisoner of war in Germany, is forty-two years of age. Mrs. Nicholson, who is seen with her children,* RICHARD, *aged four, and baby* VICTORIA, *was the Hon. Ursula Katharine Hanbury-Tracy.*

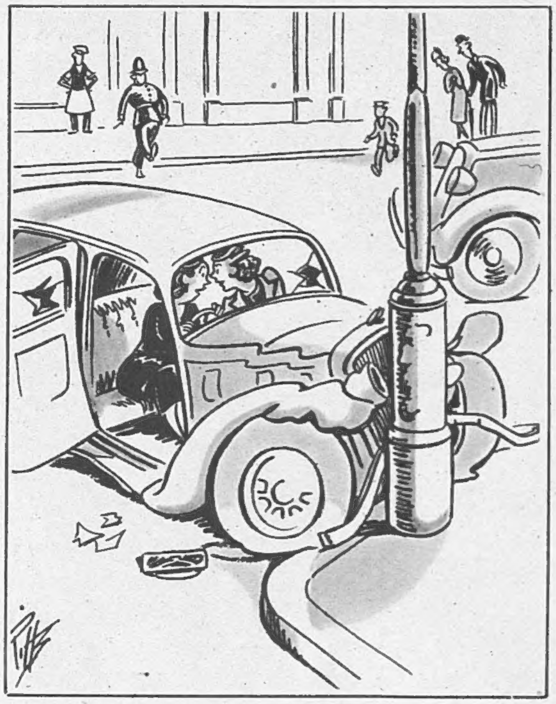
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Paths of Glory. Some have greatness thrust upon them—thrust rudely and even violently—and yet never lay firm hands on the prize. How strange it is to read that the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt have been borne, after nearly a hundred years, from Vienna to Paris and laid beside the imperial author of their being in the Invalides! Father and son are closer in death than they ever were in life. This ill-starred young man, during his short life was the shuttlecock for all the political battledores of Europe, and probably never knew a moment's happiness, except when he was engaging in the violent sports which mercifully killed him when he had just reached man's estate. He was "king and no king," for he never sat upon the throne of Rome, which was his by title; worse (or perhaps better?) he was emperor and no emperor, since, though his father abdicated in his favour, he never became Napoleon II. and none crowned him except the Bonapartists, and they only in imagination. He was not even allowed to succeed to the rich duchies which his mother, Marie Louise of Austria, claimed for him. With a rank inferior to that of the Austrian archdukes, he was brought up an Austrian prince, though Napoleon had said that he would rather see him strangled than suffer that fate. The father who had hoped to make a dynasty out of him was little more than a name to him, for he cannot have seen him often in his troublous life. Early death was the only piece of luck that ever happened to him.

Your Money or Your Life. I wonder how the House of Lords would have calculated, in terms of money, the "expectation of life" of the Duke of Reichstadt—the Eaglet, as Rostand called him? The law sometimes sets itself fantastic problems. Until a few years ago, there was a Gilbertian rule in our law that if a careless person ran you down and did you damage, you could do *him* a bit of damage, or rather damages, by way of compensation; but if he killed you outright, neither your sorrowing widow nor anybody else could get a halfpenny out of him. (There were exceptions by statute, but that was the general rule.) Then an Act was passed which allowed your executors to bring the same actions as you could have brought if you had lived. Now, if you were only *half*-killed, and looked as if you might pop off at any moment, you could get damages for the shortening of your "expectation of life"; so the Courts said, why shouldn't your executors get damages for the total extinction of your expectation of life? And ever since they had that bright idea, they have been tying themselves and juries in knots trying to explain how you are going to assess damages of that kind.

Call No Man Happy. . . . The answer is, of course, that by no stretch of imagination can you possibly assess them. A dead man has no expectation of life—not on this side of the grave, anyhow—and it is a flat contradiction of common sense to give a man's representatives damages for that which had no value to him. What the law is really doing, by a round-about way, is to give the dead man's family compensation for the grievous injury of his having been killed. But how are you going to measure *that* damage? What has been happening so far is that judges and juries have simply made wild guesses. Now the House of Lords, in a case which has attracted much attention, has said that you must not estimate "expectation of life" by mere length of days, but by "a measure of prospective happiness." That's helpful, isn't it? Anything more impracticable than to gauge "prospective happiness" it is difficult to imagine. Happiness and unhappiness are matters of temperament and "lie within." A man may suffer every adversity and yet be happy, and another may have everything the world can provide and yet be unhappy. I admire and respect the logic of the law, which, on the whole, is the best practical logic in the world, but sometimes it runs right off the rails. The whole absurdity would be resolved if Parliament were to say (what judges cannot say, in the present state of the law) that if a man is killed by negligence or other wrong, his dependants are entitled to compensation for the injury of their bereavement.



"What were you saying about the Commandant's husband?"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

No Quarter. Since we are discussing these mortuary matters, let it be noted that three spies have recently paid the extreme penalty in England. I never understand why the laws of war (if there are any such things) are so severe on spies. For the traitor to his own country there can be only one penalty; but if an enemy, who would otherwise be in the fighting-line, comes in your midst as a spy, he is adopting an ordinary and universal method of warfare and, if he is any good at his job, is taking greater risks and showing greater resource than he would in actual battle. I see no reason why he should not be treated as an honourable foe. I suppose it is simply a case of deterrence. The danger of the spy is so great that he must be intimidated out of existence. Nevertheless, he frequently deserves respect for his courage, and his lot seems both hard and illogical.

Underground Etiquette. The etiquette of shelter life becomes complicated and exacting. I wonder what sort of codes our ancestors made for good order and government when they lived in caves. How did they deal with litter? There must have been a good deal. Did they permit smoking and musical instruments? What was their view about "heating and cooking apparatus," and home comforts like perambulators and folding beds? Did they tolerate hawking and advertising, and how did they deal with people with measles, mumps and hacking coughs? For the most part, they solved these problems of civilisation by the best and simplest method—*i.e.*, by not being civilised—and in that respect they scored over the modern troglodyte all along the line. But it must have been awkward when somebody wanted to introduce a pet reindeer into the flat. Nowadays, you can't even introduce a monkey into a shelter, and the lady who tried to do so the other day caused trouble and strife, and had to explain herself to the magistrate. No monkeys, no chatty parrots, not so much as a cat or a dog—in fact, no live-stock whatever; hard though it may be on Our Dumb Friends (who are not, however, all dumb),

"Oi! That blighter's pinched the corner I 'ad in the last war."

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

it is to be distinctly understood that an air-raid shelter is not a menagerie or a Noah's Ark. Perhaps it is as well; some people make pets of chameleons, spiders, toads and snakes, and Marshal Goering goes in for lion cubs; dear little things, all of them, no doubt, but there *is* a time and place for everything.

Mrs. Diggs of the Cabbage-patch.

The "law" of supply and demand seldom behaves like a law, and, however hard you try to observe it, it always catches you out. It seemed obvious common sense to maintain the supply of fresh vegetables by digging for victory. But it turns out that the spade-work has been almost too enthusiastic, or, at all events, has not been wisely enough planned. There has been a frontal attack without much idea of strategy. Mountains of cabbages, sprouts and potatoes have been produced and doubtless have contributed not only vitamins, but innocent amusement, healthful exercise, and pride and satisfaction (not to mention lumbago, blisters, bad language and spinal curvature). But meanwhile other mountains of cabbages and sprouts have been wasting their sweetness on the desert air in vegetable-markets; and whole lorry-loads have either been taken back to the farms for the pigs or have rotted into fertiliser. This is regrettable, but, anyhow, it lets *me* out! There have been nasty, persistent hints for some time past that one of these days I had better begin to "break up" the prospective cabbage-patch; now I hope there will be no further suggestions that I should lend myself to anything so unpatriotic and anti-social! The economic objection, I understand, does not apply to imported vegetables like tomatoes, carrots, turnips, onions and leeks; but I hope that nobody is going to press a purely technical point like that.

Half an Inch Onwards.

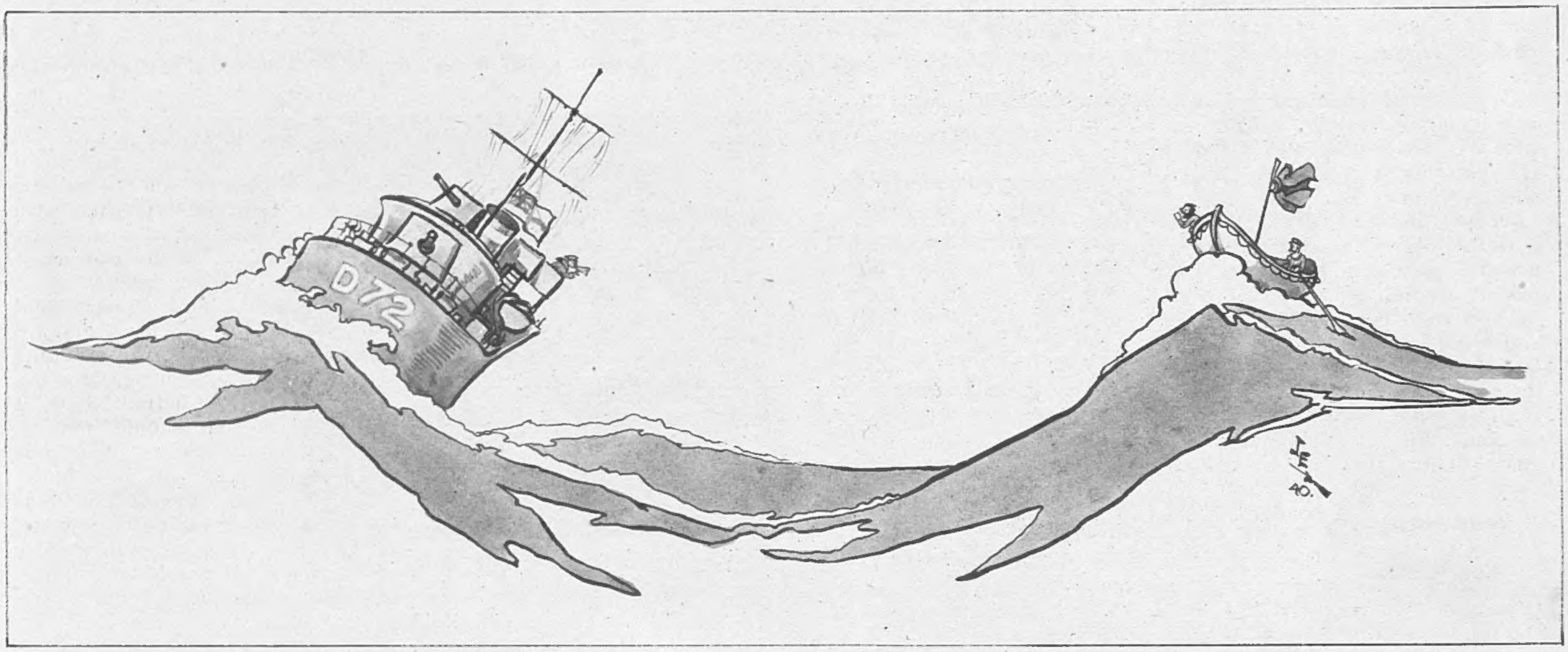
It is, I suppose, one of the many paradoxes of war that while waste of this kind is happening through avoidable miscalculation, everybody is brimming over with suggestions for national economy. Two naval officers (I read) have suggested that if every match were reduced by half an inch, there would be a saving of 1·17 cubic inches of wood on every twelve boxes; and if you multiply that by millions—but here my mathematics fail me; anyhow, you would save quite a number of trees. This seems more practicable than other methods of match-saving. You *can*, of course, use a spill, but a spill is not much use without a fire; and if you have to light a match to light the fire to light the spill, it seems rather a vicious circle, doesn't it? You *can* also use a pocket-lighter, always assuming—and these are bold assumptions—(*a*) that you can get the petrol, (*b*) that you can get the flints and (*c*) that the dam thing works. No, let us all cheerfully sacrifice half an inch of every match we use, saying with Ridley and Latimer, that we have this day lighted a match which, by God's grace, etc. It wouldn't leave much match, but it would come to the same thing in the long run, because we always throw away more than half an inch of our matches.

Fair Exchange.

Another economizer very sensibly asks why vegetarians should not exchange their meat and bacon rations for an extra allowance of cheese, dates, figs and raisins? Earthy persons who say, like King Wenceslas, "bring me flesh and bring me wine," would doubtless be glad to relieve herbivores of their unwanted flesh-rations; but let us be just, even to vegetarians—how and whence do they propose to get their cheese, dates, figs and raisins? This island, otherwise so well-endowed by nature, is regrettably deficient in dates, figs and raisins, and does not even produce as much cheese as it wants—at least, my grocer doesn't. I can, however, supply any vegetarian, in exchange for his meat coupons, with some excellent rhubarb-tops and succulent beetroot-leaves, together with a rich crop of dandelions and an almost unlimited supply of thistles. I venture also to remind all orthodox vegetarians that an egg is very definitely a form of life, and that it is as wrong and cruel to eat an egg as it is to wring a chicken's neck—in fact, worse, because the egg is even more helpless. I still have a few raisins left, and I am willing to offer a pound of them any time in exchange for a dozen new-laid eggs—and when I say new, I mean new, and not pickled last year. There are too many of these vintage eggs about! I had one the other day which I think must have been laid down for the baby's twenty-first birthday.

The Starvation Racket.

I wish that Mr. Hoover would concern himself a little more about my breakfast egg and my children's supply of sugar and fruit, and a little less about "starving Europe." I say without hesitation that I do not wish to see a single person in Europe starve, though if I had to choose anybody for a permanent diet of bread and water, I think the honour would go to M. Pierre Laval. But Mr. Hoover, of all living men, ought to know how Germany treated "food-relief" in the last war, and how she would undoubtedly treat it again. In Poland, the industrial areas depended for their food-stuffs on the agricultural areas, which Germany systematically and mercilessly denuded, leaving the towns to starve. About a thousand million dollars were spent on relief in Belgium and Northern France, one-third of that amount was spent by the British Commonwealth and the remainder by America. Germany not only refused to contribute a stiver, but would not allow Belgian money to leave the country to buy imported food—and at the same time, of course, she grabbed all she wanted with both hands. Far from helping, she put every obstacle in the way of the relief work, and even turned her U-boats against the relief ships. Her "requisitioning" in occupied territories amounted, as the war went on, to sheer open plunder—as it does now; and this happened in regions where the invaders had guaranteed that local food supplies would be left untouched. All this is matter of record, supported by abundant evidence. Mr. Hoover's humanitarianism seems to outrun his judgment, and his sense of proportion—a fact, perhaps, not altogether surprising to a world which witnessed the record of his Presidency.



"No—quite all right, thanks—we've done seventeen days and are out for the record." (DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.)

Take It Easy!

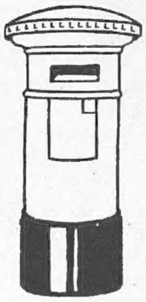
"Take more time over meals, smile more often, and taper off excitement before going to bed." This prescription for frayed nerves, given by a learned doctor of the University of Minnesota, comes in clarion tones from Kansas City, Mo. "Tapering off excitement" includes turning off the radio, which, we are assured, "is playing hell with our nerves." Excitement! "This is B.B.C. excitement, and this is Marmaduke Montmorency exciting you—wow!" No, Doctor, the radio may sometimes "play hell" with our ear-drums, but not (in Britain) with our nerves!

Heard at Bed-time.

"Daddy, what is sympathy?"
"Sympathy, my boy, is one of the principal American exports."

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—This place is still in a fever of activity trying to keep the Soldiery and Evacuees happy and amused while there is still a hint of Christmas in the air.

Several people in the Women's Voluntary Service have had breakdowns and the ones who haven't are looking a little wan. Lady B. says that if she doesn't get a rest soon her only Voluntary Service will be a funeral one.

Charles says all this entertainment for the troops is extremely necessary, because if they don't get some excitement soon they 'll up and kill the civilians. Bearing this grisly thought in mind, we all threw ourselves wholeheartedly into arranging a soldiers' party when asked to do so by the officers.

"Blowing up balloons."

I was put in charge of the entertainment side, which kept me awake for several nights beforehand. Nobody seemed to be able to give me answers to my questions, not even when I forced a desperate entrance into an Orderly Room and confronted a Major.

"About this party——" I said, and the Major heaved a sigh.

"It 's all very well for you to sigh," I said, "it 's I who ought to be sighing. Nobody really *wants* to keep a party going from five till ten." He softened a little at this, and asked me what I wanted to know.

"Well, how many will be there ?"

"I couldn't say for certain."

"Will they want to dance ?"

"Probably."

"Will your band be there ?"

"I really couldn't say."

"You don't seem very sure about anything, do you ? Will they bring their girls ?"

"Oh, yes—they 're sure to do that."

I took a tremendous lot of trouble drawing up a programme, and consulted the Linnet about it several times on the telephone. She advised not too many Paul Joneses and Excuse Me's as they wouldn't like being reft away from their own particular girls too often, and very few games.

On the day of the dance Faith and I spent most of the morning blowing up balloons. As a balloon-blower I am not a success. I 'm all right for the first breath, but when I stop to draw another the balloon always explodes a lot of white powder down my throat. Faith is not much better than I am, and in the end we had to bring in a soldier to help us.

"Are you coming to the party this afternoon ?" said Faith, handing him a glass of beer to wash the balloon taste out of his mouth ; but the soldier grinned and shook his head.

"Is the band coming ?" I said, for I had been ringing the Major up about it every day and thought it was time I got an answer.

"Couldn't say, I 'm sure."

"I never knew a regiment so unsure about everything," said Faith. "I hope you don't feel that way about beating the Germans ?"

"Not much !" he said with a grin, and we were reassured.

As soon as I arrived at the party I knew something was wrong. The Soldiery was sitting neatly at small tables, eating a prim tea. No chatter, no giggles, no laughter, and suddenly, like a blow from a sledge-hammer, I realised—NO GIRLS.

"Where are your girls ?" said Faith, who doesn't mind asking questions.

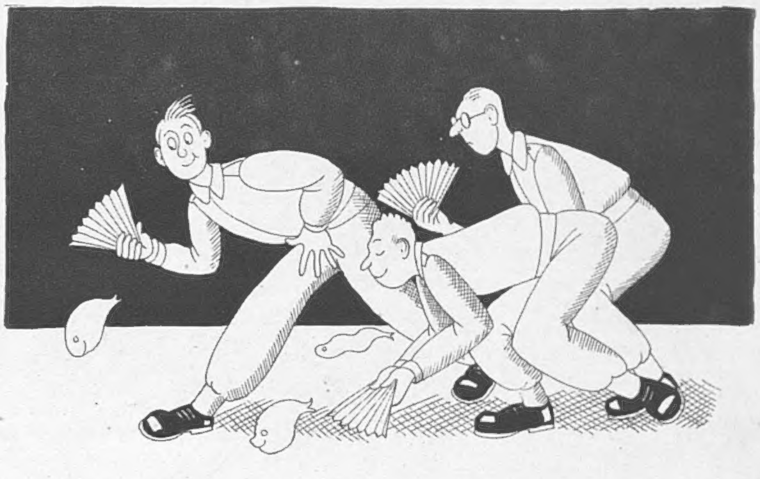
"Haven't got any," said the Soldiery.

"Good gracious !" said Lady B., deeply shocked. "What is the Army coming to ?"

Then a soldier arrived with his wife, and they sat quietly in a corner, holding hands, and after that a mother came in with three children, but there, as far as female companionship went, we stuck.

"You must sing to fill in time !" hissed Lady B. in my ear, so I sang, while the three children raced up and down the room screaming. After that the Conductor tried them with a little Community Singing. The Soldiery listened politely and hummed faintly during the choruses.

Musical Chairs nearly roused them from their lethargy, and they Fanned their Kippers with appalling efficiency, so that it was all over much too soon. So was Matchboxes and Passing the Grapefruit. I looked at my watch. Seven o'clock ! Three more hours to fill in somehow ! Lady B. whispered to me that if Hitler really was going to invade us she hoped he 'd do it now.



"Fanned their Kippers with appalling efficiency."

Then we tried some dance music. All the young and pretty W.V.S. helpers who had been serving tea were pushed forward. They stood looking shyly at the Soldiery, and the Soldiery, quite unconcerned, sat and looked at them.

Then Faith laid down her tray and strolled into the middle of the room. She was looking particularly lovely in a pale blue Angora dress and with her hair done a different way. Nonchalantly she walked across the floor towards a nice-looking young soldier, and we all held our breath.

"Will you dance this with me ?" she said simply, and assuredly for the first time in her life.

"'Will you dance this with me?'"

The soldier, quite firmly, and without the slightest embarrassment, shook his head...

The rest of the evening passed quietly, and I came to the conclusion, after a time, that the men, in their own peculiar way, were enjoying themselves. But where were the Chaps, the Boys of the Mistletoe Bough, the Whistlers, and the Winkers ? Would this subdued good behaviour ever win the war ? These were the thoughts which troubled me until Charles arrived to drive me home, and said there was another party going on in one of the villages, with Free Beer, when, of course, everything was made plain.

"Then we have been entertaining Teetotallers !" said Faith, in a hushed voice.

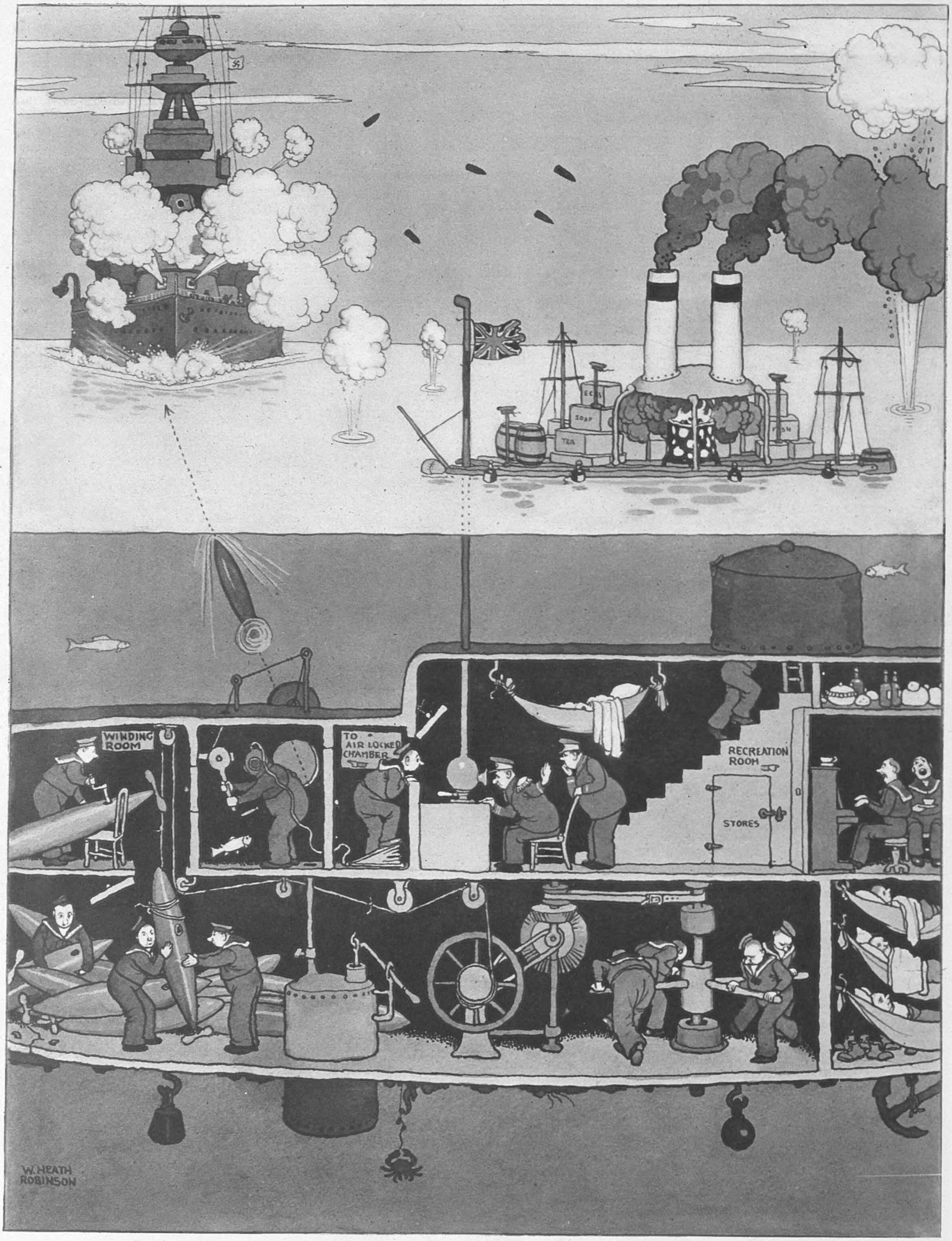
"In that case," said Lady B., "I consider it has been a very successful party—very successful indeed."

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

ENGLAND "GOES TO IT."

"My boy's in a Scotch lot; he looks ever so posh in his glen béret!"

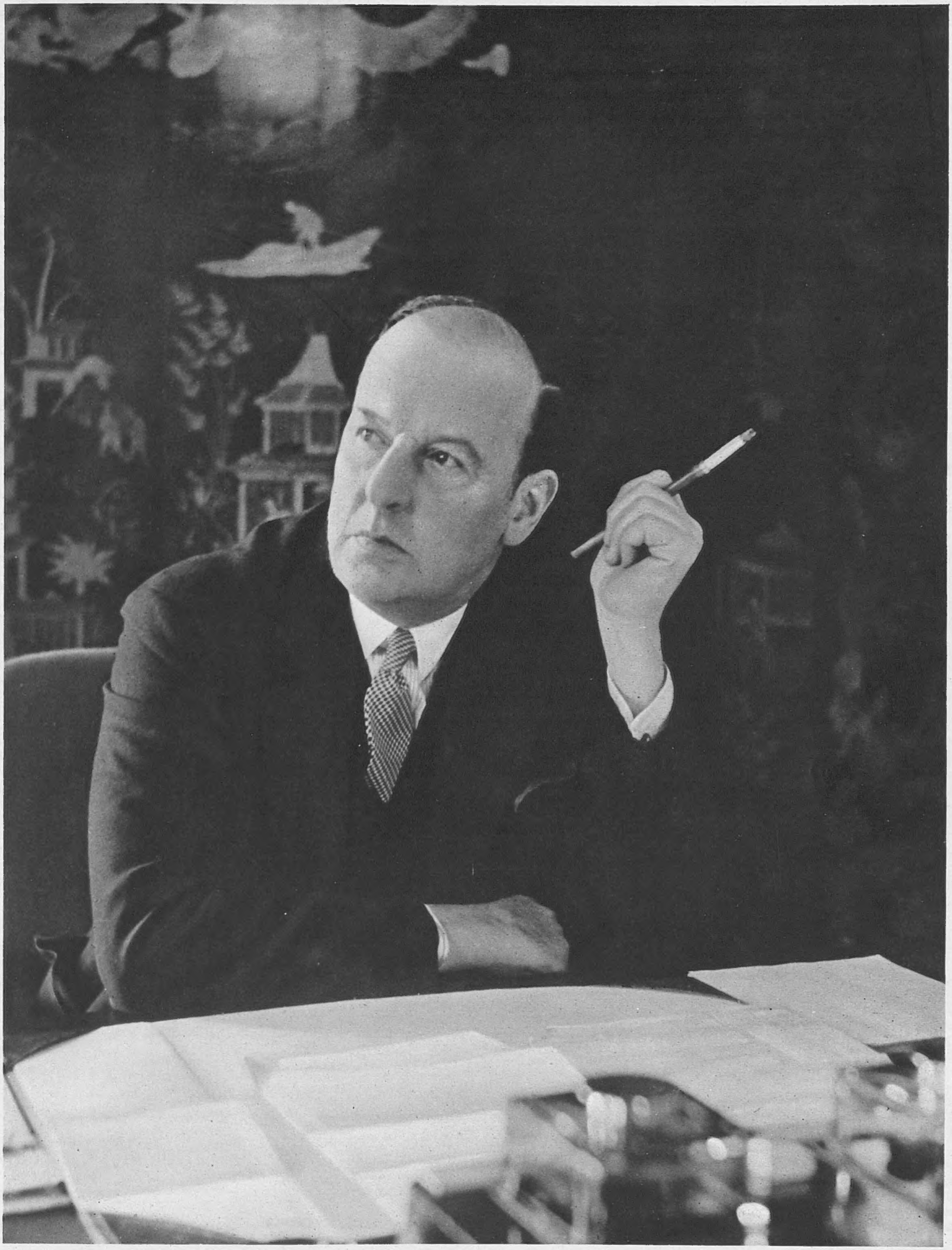
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HOW TO MEET THE SEA-RAIDER MENACE: A CLEVER RUSE BY A BRITISH SUBMARINE.

All the best brains of the experts are at work devising means to counter the sea-raider menace, and their efforts are meeting with a certain measure of success. Here's W. Heath Robinson's contribution to the spate of good ideas on the subject, a brilliantly thought-out device which would ensure the destruction of the raider.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



CAMERA PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

"FREE LIFTS" MOORE-BRABAZON.

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, P.C., M.C., M.P., *became Minister of Transport in October. His "Free Lifts" scheme, under which motorists receive an extra ration of petrol if able to help neighbours by driving them to and from their London offices, has proved a big success. He is a pioneer motorist and aviator, a great Cresta rider, and a golfer. He won the Circuit des Ardennes motor race in 1907; holds the No. 1 certificate granted by the Royal Aero Club for pilots, and won the First British Empire Michelin Cup. He served with the R.F.C. in the 1914-18 war, and was responsible for the R.F.C. photographic section during the war. He won the Curzon Cup, St. Moritz, in 1920, 1922, 1927.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

PRESERVING an old and pleasant custom, they gave the film critics and their children a Disney party on Christmas Eve after all. It was rather a different party this year, of course. For one thing, it was mostly the elder children who came. Most of them were schoolboys—but a few were at least ten or twenty years older than their parents. We missed the wide-eyed, wondering little faces we used to see, the treble squeaks of delight that always came after the pictures when they brought out the toys and balloons. The lad who got the three-foot Mickey Mouse at the first Disney party is in the Army now. The little girl who once cried when she saw the conjurer has been bombed out of London. The two small boys who solemnly stood on their heads three parties back are now in California. It was the oldsters who played with the balloons this year, and the laughter at the cartoons was mostly bass laughter. But it was a good party, all the same.

They showed us five new Disneys, two with Pluto and three with Donald Duck. Donald, it seems, is Disney's Number One box-office star just now. The company discovers these things through the merchandise it sells. When agents throughout the world report that Donald Duck toys and games and postcards are the hottest line in Disney buys, Donald gets the feature rôle in more of the eighteen annual cartoons. Personally, I can't understand a word that Donald says, but children can. The truculent duck is like Harry Hemsley's Horace—one of his charms is that he needs a child to translate him.

VERA LINDSAY *is the new British film-star. She's playing the lead in "Spellbound," the film version of Benson's well-known novel, "The Necromancers," which is directed by John Harlow for Pyramid Pictures. It has the distinction of being the first British film to commence and carry on since the Blitzkrieg started. The unit on location was bombed, and so was the studio, but the film was finished, and is due for production on January 13th at the London Pavilion.*

Donald gets into one of his fine rages in "WINDOW CLEANERS," which is running at the Odeon with "The Thief of Bagdad." Starting off gaily with one of those fetching little Disney songs—something about "Up in the sky, ever so high," he runs into all sorts of unexpected troubles at the top of a skyscraper, and finally gets embroiled with a bee—a real Disney character, this bee. In "DONALD'S VACATION," coming to the New Gallery with "Spring Parade," he is mainly in indolent, contemplative mood, and a horde of Disney's adorable little woodland creatures nearly steal the show from under his beak. In "PUT PUT TROUBLES" (theatre not yet fixed) he ventures into Indian waters in a motor-boat. I couldn't help thinking as I watched this one how much delicate care is lavished on the background painting of the Disney films—smoky blue pinewoods, and exquisite little flowers picked out in the grass—lovely things that in the vigour and comedy of the animation you scarcely have time to notice.

Pluto's gayest film for a long time is "BONE TROUBLE," now at the Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion with "The Great Dictator." Gay for the audience, that is to say, not for the pup, whose nervous system ought to have been shattered years ago by the troubles that have been piled up on him. This time he finds himself in a Hall of Mirrors, inexplicably changed and multiplied in all sorts of horrid reflections. In "PLUTO'S DREAM HOUSE" (theatre not fixed) he is back again with his master, Mickey Mouse, who comforts him when the Genie of an old tea-pot visits him in a nightmare. I didn't think this was one of the vintage Disneys, and incidentally, I didn't think that Disney thought so either. I may be quite wrong, but somehow I feel that the old Mickey Mouse we used to know is fading. In spite of his bright suit of new red overalls, he seems to me to be losing colour, character. Perhaps he is too gentle for us now. Perhaps, in this naughty world, we only understand the naughty people. Perhaps, when peace comes again, there will be a great recrudescence of Mickey. I hope so.

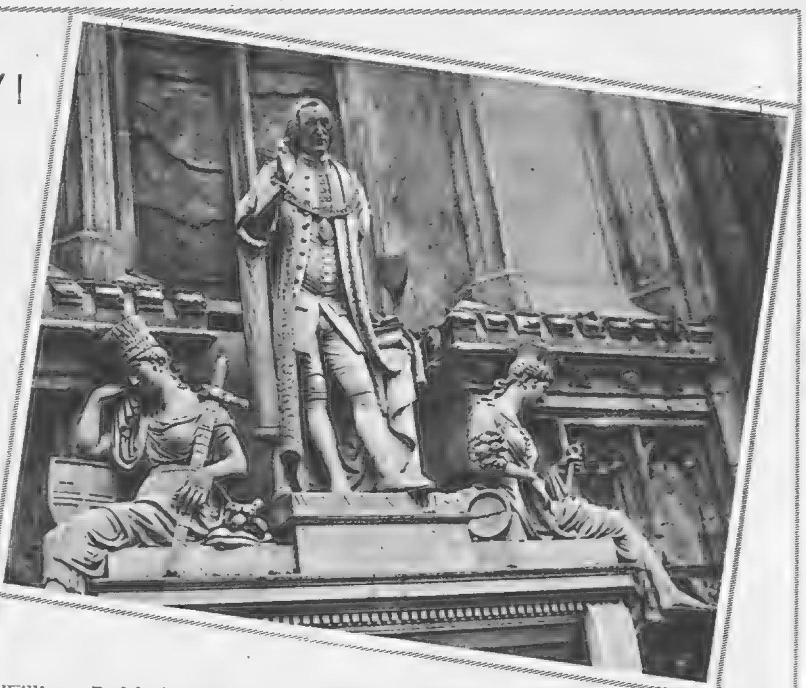
I write this in ignorance of Mickey's part in the new Disney feature, "FANTASIA." I have every hope that "Fantasia" may turn all my conceptions of the Mouse topsy-turvy. It seems to be his great starring rôle. From a projected Mickey Mouse short, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Disney and conductor Léopold Stokowski have gradually built up a full-length symphony that seems to have electrified America. The film lasts for two hours and a half; the music is Bach's, Beethoven's, Stravinsky's, Dukas's, Tchaikowsky's, Moussorgsky's, and Schubert's; Stokowski conducts, and the Philadelphia Orchestra plays. Mickey Mouse, as the Sorcerer's Apprentice, steals his master's magic cap and wand, and finds himself swept away on a high flood of Disney enchantment.

The sad finale to these notes is that we probably shall not see "Fantasia" in England until the war is over. The film is not like any other talkie. In "Pinocchio" Disney gave the impression of draughtsmanship that came from behind, above, on each side of us. In "Fantasia" it appears, he does the same with music. The film is recorded on four separate sound-tracks, and Disney has had his own apparatus made, which he hires out for road-showing in America. This is no time, he feels, for sending the projectors to England or having them built here.

We are promised another Disney feature, "THE RELUCTANT DRAGON," by April or thereabouts. This film is practically completed. For the first time Disney has experimented with a combination of cartoon and the human figure. The human star is Robert Benchley, who is seen paying a visit to the Disney studios. Finally he is taken to the "sweat-box," or projection-room, where they show him Kenneth Grahame's engaging fantasy from "Dream Days," the frame-up fight between St. George and the indolent dragon. And after "The Reluctant Dragon" comes another full-length cartoon—"BAMBI," the life-story of a deer.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER HITLER BY!

One of the noble monuments of the ruined Great Hall of Guildhall, showing damaged figures.



William Beckford, twice Lord Mayor in the eighteenth century: a Guildhall statue which has lost the fingers of its right hand

Where some of Grinling Gibbons' finest carving was once to be seen; the interior of St. Laurence Jewry, after the fire.

Nelson's monument in Guildhall, with the chief recumbent figure decapitated—but Britannia and the lion untouched.

THE wanton attempt to set fire to the City is one of the worst Nazi outrages. Three of our photographs illustrate the damage done to monuments in the Great Hall of Guildhall, and one shows all that remains of St. Lawrence Jewry, Church of the Corporation of London, one of the most costly of the Wren churches, and among the first to be erected after the Great Fire. Guildhall, which is completely burnt out, was our grand Civic Hall.

Left: Damaged at the base, but otherwise comparatively uninjured—the Guildhall memorial to the Duke of Wellington.

Livid clouds and smoke of the Great Fire of 1940 roll round the pillar, which commemorates the Great Fire of 1666; Topolski's impression of London Bridge, with the Monument on the left.

AN ARTIST VIEWS THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1940.

TOPOLSKI, the Polish artist, was an eye-witness of the Great Fire of London, 1940, described by an American correspondent as "a torch lit in spite," as it was a deliberate attempt to fire the City, and resulted in the destruction of Guildhall and damage to eight Wren churches. Not one military objective was hit. These vivid drawings give an impression of the horror of the scenes. The Monument, near London Bridge, was surrounded by smoke and flames, but uninjured. It was erected to commemorate the Great Fire of London, 1666, which broke out in Pudding Lane, near by.

Driven from their accustomed shelter by the threat of fire: Men and women seeking space in a safer refuge.

The magnificent efforts which saved St. Paul's Cathedral: Firemen fighting the flames in houses on Ludgate Hill which threatened Wren's masterpiece.

SKI.

WORK, PLAY, ENGAGEMENTS AND PERSONALITIES:

Ballet divertissement on a threshing-machine! A LONDON DANCER, *working on a Gloucestershire farm, entertains her colleagues.*

Right: *The* HON. LORNA V. HARMSWORTH, *elder daughter of Viscount Rothermere, is engaged to Mr. Edmund McNeill Cooper-Key, Irish Guards.*

PRINCESS ALY KHAN, *daughter-in-law of the Aga Khan, is working packing comforts for the Free French Troops on service in the Western Desert, where they have fought with dash. She is one of the sisters of Lord Churston.*

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *tries her hand as a packer at the Red Cross Prisoners of War Parcels depôt at Northampton.*

MR. RICHARD WROTTESLEY, *only son of the Hon. Walter Wrottesley, of Wrottesley Hall, Wolverhampton, is engaged to* MISS ROSHNARA BARBARA WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

A LOOK ROUND THE WARTIME WORLD.

The HON. MRS. DALLMEYER, MISS ISABELLA GILLON, MISS STORMONT DARLING (*l. to r., back*), *the* HON. MRS. H. SCOTT-PLUMMER, MRS. HACKET PAIN (*seated*), MRS. HOME, MRS. FINDLATER *and* MRS. BROWNE CLAYTON, *amateur cabaret artists at Dryburgh Abbey Hotel charity ball.*

A YOUNG NAVAL CADET *from " Where the Rainbow Ends " has refreshment between the 11 o'clock and 2 o'clock shows, watched by St. George, Will-of-the-Wisp, and other young performers.*

The HON. SUSAN SILENCE NORTH *is engaged to Captain R. B. Willoughby Bolland, R.E., elder son of Mr. Godfrey Bolland.*

MISS PATRICIA SMILES, *only daughter of Sir Walter Smiles, M.P., is engaged to Mr. Neville Montague Ford, Berkshire Yeomanry.*

MISS MARY MORRISON, *only daughter of the Home Secretary, is engaged to* MR. HORACE WILLIAMS, *son of Mr. Tom Williams, the Labour Member for the Don Valley Division of Yorks.*

MR. JOHN LOGIE BAIRD, *pioneer of television, has perfected his latest invention for televising in natural colours. The machine is seen with a most attractive subject on the screen. Natural colour obviously adds tremendously to the effect of television.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE SQUADRON COMMANDER *on the left of this group of pilots—for taking the Christmas cake for his Messerschmitt hat-trick.*

THIS GIRL AND HER DOG—*for transforming themselves into a wandering belt and lead for black-out safety.*

LIEUT. DON BRADMAN—*for getting two pips and a duck in the same year.*

THE COMMANDER of one of the first R.A.F. Fighter Squadrons to destroy 100 enemy aircraft while operating from one station is a famous hurdler. He recently took over a new "Spitfire," and in his first three flights in her brought down a Messerschmitt on each occasion. This feat was celebrated with a Christmas cake, complete with frill, icing, mistletoe and holly.

IN order to achieve safety in the black-out the girl in our photographs has had the feather in her cap, her button-hole, belt, shoe buckles and the lead of her dog treated with a luminous substance, so that one might well ask if she is a spirit or but a wandering belt and lead!

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT said at a Press Conference that "a certain number of people are under the impression that we are giving aid to England—but we must face reality, we are being paid." She then said she was in favour of cash gifts, not loans, to this country.

DON BRADMAN, now a lieutenant in the Army, was bowled first ball in the opening innings of South Australia's match with Victoria at the Adelaide Oval on Christmas Day.

MR. KRUGER GRAY is the artist who designed the George Cross and the George Medal, the new awards instituted by the King and bearing his name. He adapted and modelled the design of St. George and the Dragon for the reverse of the medal—at the special wish of his Majesty—from a book plate in the Royal Library.

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT—*for urging the U.S.A. to send help to Britain as cash gifts, not as loans.*

Left: MR. KRUGER GRAY—*for being the designer of the King's own Cross and Medal.*

Right: THESE BARGAIN-HUNTING HUSBANDS—*for going sale-ing on behalf of their evacuated wives.*

A lesson in how to be all stiff and starchy! CAROLE LOMBARD *and* ROBERT MONTGOMERY *take the stance as shop-window models, in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."*

HOW TO BE STARCHY AND HOW TO UNBEND—BY CAROLE LOMBARD AND ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

How to unbend! CAROLE LOMBARD *and* ROBERT MONTGOMERY *enjoy a good laugh.*

HERE are contrasted portraits of CAROLE LOMBARD and ROBERT MONTGOMERY. The top photograph shows them all stiff and starchy as they appear in a sequence of R.K.O. Radio's "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," when taking the pose of haughty shop-window models. The lower snapshot has caught them responding whole-heartedly to a story told by Director Alfred Hitchcock, between shooting scenes of the comedy.

HAVE YOU SEEN HER DANCE
AS THE HUNGARIAN PEASANT

DEANNA DURBIN, *the young singing star of the screen, produces a new accomplishment in* "SPRING PARADE," *the Universal picture which was due at the New Gallery on January 5, for in the opening sequences she gives a spirited rendering of the Czardas, a well-known Hungarian peasant dance. Here she is showing that she can go all zigeuner with* MISCHA AUER *as her partner. The picture is set in the days of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and begins at a village fair.*

CZARDAS? DEANNA DURBIN
ROINE OF "SPRING PARADE."

ere Ilonka wins a bet that she will not be able to stand up to the speed of the local czardas. She dances her challenger to a standstill and drops asleep on at she believes to be a haystack. However, it is a load of hay on a wagon, and she wakes up in Vienna, where the village fair fortune-teller has prophesied will go. In the city of waltzes and laughter she has some most agreeable adventures, which are described and pictured on another page.

SHEFFIELD'S STARRY "CINDERELLA."

"CINDERELLA," *the panto. at the Sheffield Empire, has a very starry cast.* FRED EMNEY *as Baron Mumm puts over some topical jokes.*

FRED EMNEY'S *burlesque dance is one of the laughter-making numbers.*

JACK BUCHANAN, *the well-known actor and film-star, takes the part of Buttons—his pantomime début.*

The Fairy Godmother (NUALA BARRIE) *appearing to the disconsolate Cinderella.*

The Fairy Godmother watches with satisfaction how Cinderella in her finery has entranced Buttons.

Cinderella, in the pumpkin coach drawn by Tyrwhitt-Drake's miniature ponies, sets out for the ball, with the good wishes of Buttons.

Prince Charming (ADÈLE DIXON) *welcomes Cinderella to the ball, and is immediately captivated by her beauty.*

"The Memory of a Rose" is one of the beautiful dance scenes by the Eileen Rogan Girls.

The right size! Baron Mumm (left) and the Prince (right) see Buttons fit Cinderella with the slipper.

A POLISH ARTIST SKETCHES WARTIME CHRISTMAS PANTO.

JEAN COLIN *as Aladdin.*

Cross talk by Abanazar (SUTHERLAND FELCE) *and Wishee Washee* (JERRY VERNO).

JANE CORDA *as Princess So-Shi, the Emperor's daughter.*

MR. CHARLES ROLFE *as the Emperor of China.*

SUTHERLAND FELCE *as the Magician, Abanazar.*

The Chinese Policemen, pigtailed together, try to pursue the Widow (IRIS SADLER) *and her son* (JEAN COLIN).

The Dame of the London Coliseum Panto. IRIS SADLER *as the Widow Twankey.*

JERRY VERNO *as Wishee Washee, a member of the Pekin balloon barrage.*

One of the FIVE LAI FOUNS, *or Chinese wonders, contortionists and jugglers of grace and skill.*

Topolski, the Polish artist, has recorded his impressions of that most British of all Christmas institutions, the pantomime, in these sketches of Francis Laidler's "ALADDIN" at the London Coliseum. It's a full-size, slap-bang panto. of pre-war splendour, although the fact that it's given at noon, and again at four, means that the performances don't run to full peace-time length. Topical allusions abound — for instance, Wishee Washee is a member of the Pekin Balloon Barrage and the Widow Twankey is in the Chinese A.T.S., and so forth; and Jean Colin makes a lovely principal boy.

THE WINDMILL GOES TO
OF "NON-STOP"

In the coach on the way to the R.A.F. station where the performance was given. One of the artists runs over a part.

Johnny Gale, the stage electrician, giving a few hints to his R.A.F. assistant who is helping with the lights.

Right: A toast! Two R.A.F. officers drink the health of one of the Windmill girls.

The R.A.F. act as amateur scene-shifters: putting up the scenery at the station club where the show was held.

A very willing assistant: one of the aircraftmen helps to hold the mirror while the make-up goes on.

"One, two, buckle my shoe!" One of the R.A.F. boys helps a Windmill girl before she goes on.

The Windmill Theatre chose an R.A.F. station, somewhere in the Defence Area, as the venue for the 100th performance they have given to the Forces. They travelled down in a coach to the village near the station, and gave their programme in the R.A.F. club. On arrival they found volunteers in plenty waiting to help them put up the scenery and arrange the stage effects, for both aircraftmen and officers took temporary posts as assistants to the Director.

PHOTOGRAPHS

E R.A.F.: HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE VUE FOR THE FORCES.

Some of the girls watch a turn with members of the audience before going on the stage themselves.

An Air Force man assists a Windmill chorine to fix her frock.

Left: Study of an appreciative audience. The applause at the end of each turn was tremendous.

Swapping stories of R.A.F. and stage life! Two officers entertain a Windmill girl after the entertainment.

After the show: Officers of the station entertain the Windmill girls in their own club.

electrician and stage manager which were "on offer." An Air Force dance band played the music, the hall was filled to overflowing, and the enthusiasm was immense. An Air Vice-Marshal was among the audience, and between the numbers and after the show the airmen met the girls and made friends with them. Everything was pleasantly informal and members of the cast who were not actually on the stage mingled with the audience and watched the show.

Y KEYSTONE

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

As Mr. Epstein sculpts, so does he write, without fear and, I was going to add, without favour; but this would not be entirely true. Disguise the fact as he may, every man is his own favourite, and Mr. Epstein, besides being his own biographer, is also his own apologist, or, it would be fairer to say, the apologist of his art. Of himself he writes with admirable impartiality. Never was there portrait in a mirror in which the artist adopted a more unselfconscious pose.

To the general reader, the most enjoyable parts of "Let There Be Sculpture" will probably be the autobiographical parts, the accounts of the sculptor's early life in New York, his experiences during his Paris period, his pen-pictures of well-known persons who have sat to him for their portraits. Among them are Joseph Conrad, Bernard Shaw, Augustus John, Cunninghame-Graham, Einstein, Rabindranath Tagore, Lord Fisher, Lord Beaverbrook, the Emperor of Abyssinia, the Duke of Marlborough; a fairly representative collection, and one that seems to take away the justice of the sculptor's complaint, when he says—

In the matter of commissions for portraits, I have suffered from neglect. My portraits of persons who might mean something historically are few and accidental. I have never, except in a few instances, been commissioned to do work from persons of great worth, those whom the future will look back upon as leaders in world endeavour, nor even those of social and political distinction, such as Rubens, Velasquez, Donatello, or Verrocchio worked from.

The Frenzy of Creation. The truth is, I think, that the models Mr. Epstein would like to have worked from only exist, if at all, in very small numbers, and never have been found together in any quantity, except, perhaps, in the age of Pericles or the Italian Renaissance. On the final æsthetic value of his sculpture I am not qualified to give an opinion, but it is obviously on the grand scale; and if its merit is in proportion to the ambitiousness of the conception and design, then such works as "Adam," "Genesis," "Behold the Man," and "Consummatum Est" must be acclaimed great, in the same sense as those of Michelangelo and Pheidias are. Mr. Epstein would, I think, regard himself as being in the front rank of sculptors, and he may be right. There is a largeness about everything he does, a directness of statement and certainty of attack, which recalls the greatest masters. He too, like them, or many of them, is possessed by a frenzy of creation. He tells us how, when he was painting in Epping Forest—

As usual with me, what I started as a mere diversion became in the end a passion, and I could think of nothing else but painting. . . . Later I was to repeat this frenzy of painting, only with flowers. I had been asked to paint some blooms by a firm of Dutch dealers in old masters. I said I would paint twenty, and in the end I painted sixty. Not content with this, I went on painting, giving up sculpture for the time being, and painted three hundred more. My rooms were piled with flowers, and this was a wonderful and colourful period.

A Sensitive Streak. This, surely, is how a genius ought to work, and how many geniuses have worked. And if there is a hint of megalomania not only in Mr. Epstein's sculpture itself, but in his whole attitude towards his sculpture, this need not detract from its greatness, for, though the grandiose is not always great, it sometimes is, and many great artists have been as fully conscious of their greatness as is Mr. Epstein. And there is another foible which he shares with them, or with some of them, a foible one would hardly associate with the air of serene self-confidence with which his book, as a whole, is written—a self-confidence which, though not charming, is refreshing and exhilarating: he is extremely intolerant of hostile criticism. With his acknowledged position in the world of art, and his own consciousness of that position, it is surprising that he should be piqued by the unfavourable opinion of some critics. But he is, and he quotes pages and pages of reviews and letters that greeted the appearance of some of his more startling and controversial works. These, though no doubt interesting to him, are much less interesting to the reader than the more personal matter in the book, or than his own opinions about other sculptors—opinions that are often more outspoken, though much less wounding and malicious, than those of which he complains.

The English Scene. "Fool of Time" is a peculiarly English novel. Or perhaps I should say, England-conscious. Mrs. Kean Seymour's period is the late Spanish war, and throughout she makes a contrast between the peaceful conditions her comfortably circumstanced characters are enjoying, and the horrors in Spain—horrors which may soon visit English shores. The English landscape, a condensation of South Down scenery, is subtly presented through the eyes of persons, one of whom, the naturalised American Carin, will certainly not be seeing it again for many years; and the rest, little though they realise it, are not going to see it in its untroubled peace much longer. This air of leave-taking, so unobtrusively conveyed, gives the visual aspect of the story a vivid and nostalgic quality—England seems to have its hand at its lips, bidding *adieu*.

The Theory and the Test. The theme, too, is one that might recommend itself to a Scandinavian novelist, but a Latin would probably find it lacking in reality—as, to some extent, I think it is. Carin Surrey, English-born American *divorcée*, crosses the Atlantic to visit her sister, Alma Stroud, with whose husband she had once had a fairly serious flirtation. Alma, she finds, is no longer in love with the successful Simon. She loves her four children, especially Stephen, the baby of the family; she quite enjoys being Lady of the Manor; but she cannot forget that she was once a painter of promise, and that marriage has come between her and her career. Its ties, she feels, bind her but loosely, and if Simon should still feel attracted by her sister, and she by him, she, Alma, will not stand in their way. And they are mutually attracted. More and more does it become clear to Carin that her real purpose in coming to England was to see Simon again; and that her real reason for not marrying Larry was the unacknowledged bond still holding her to Simon. She had persuaded herself into thinking that her hesitation about Larry was due to a conviction (confirmed by previous unsuccessful emotional experiences) that she did not know "how to choose a man." Would that theory stand the test of an encounter with Simon?

[Continued overleaf.

OUR NEW SERIES OF COLOUR PLATES—

THE SECOND NEXT WEEK.

As announced in our issue of December 25, the New Year resolutions of *The Sketch* included the decision to accede to the numerous requests of readers and to restart a series of amusing colour plates. In our issue of January 1, 1941, we published the first of this new set, a plate in full colour by Mr. David Wright, and NEXT WEEK, JANUARY 15, WE ARE PRESENTING THE SECOND.

There is little need to introduce this artist, whose work has already graced so many wardrooms, cabins, messes and billets of serving men.

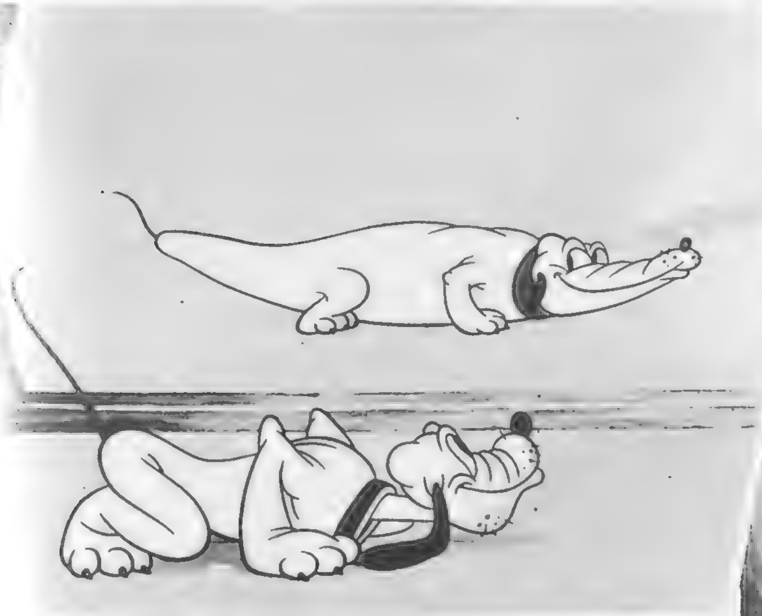
In making the decision to publish our new series, we have in view the brightening of the hours of leisure of our naval men, soldiers and airmen, and hope thereby to echo the high spirits of our fighting men.

But it is not only to the fighting Services that these plates will make their appeal. Many members of the Civil Defence Services have their lonely posts, which may be enlivened by these sprightly works of art.

For this reason we are publishing the plates loose in the numbers so that they may easily be removed by those who wish to pin them on their walls.

As *The Sketch* is no longer on sale or return, we would recommend any of our readers who have not already done so, to place a regular order with their newsagents, else they may miss one or more of the series. The plates will appear every fortnight.

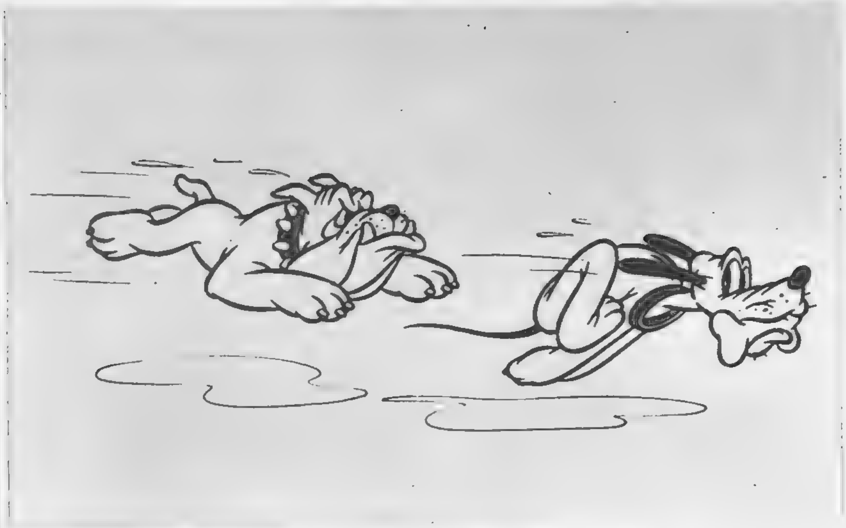
"There's a nice bone!" thinks PLUTO to himself, as he sidles round the barrel, but he is excessively disconcerted when he finds the juicy morsel guarded by an unprepossessing-looking BULLDOG.



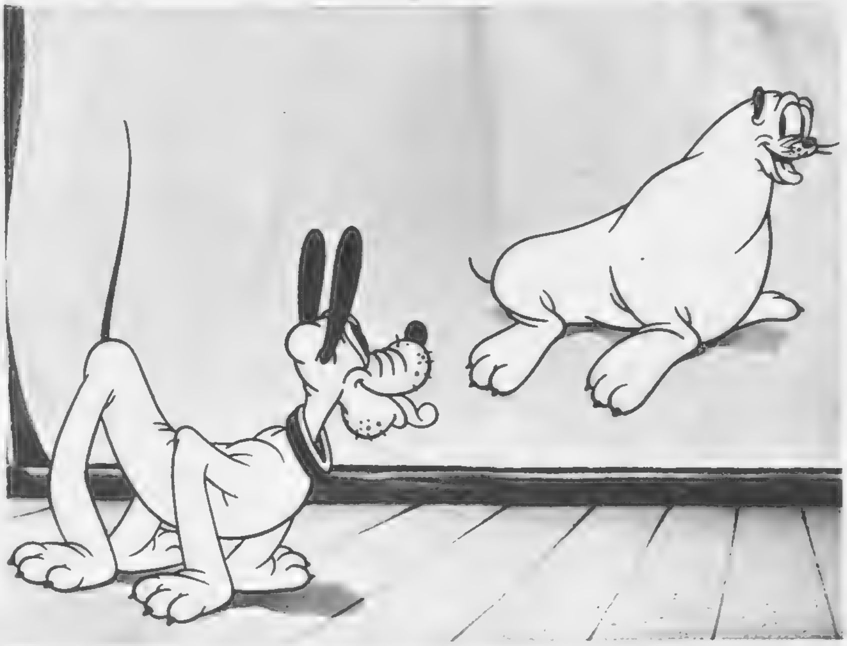
reflection elongates him into a crocodile, and confronted by this frightful beast, Pluto prostrates himself ingratiatingly.

PLUTO GETS "BONE-TROUBLE."

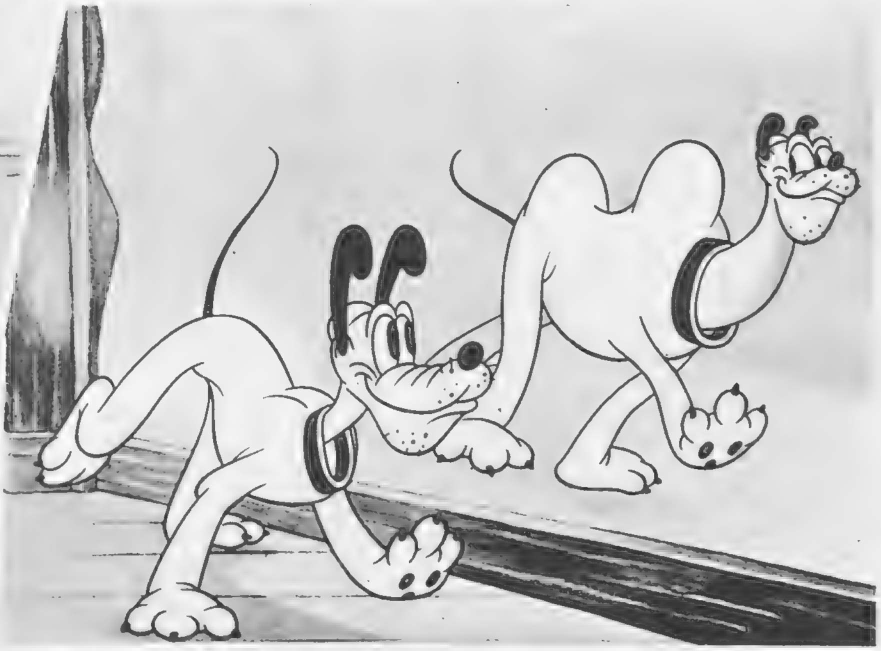
A NEW Walt Disney Productions cartoon makes play with a Hall of Mirrors, throwing Pluto into a series of appalling distortions, and eventually frightening a bulldog into leaving him in undisturbed possession of a bone. The hairbreadth chase through the Hall is one of Disney's most galvanising achievements.



However, he makes a grab for it, and the chase begins. Round and round, and up and down they go, till Pluto's jinkings and turnings lead them into a Hall of Mirrors.



The next turn rounds him into an amiable-looking seal, to his intense astonishment.



Another by-way humps him into a camel, and it is only when he jumps to the idea that it is his own distorted image he faces, and surrounded by seven other quadrupeds more hideous than himself, he calls up the bulldog, who has temporarily fallen out, and on that worthy skulking terrified away, he seizes the knuckle-bone of contention.

Continued.]

Labels and Persons. An interesting theme, if a little over-civilised; love seldom works quite as ingeniously as Mrs. Seymour makes it. In other departments of the story, too, her cleverness, or perhaps her determination to keep the whole thing on the plane of comedy, makes her override considerations of probability. Thus, though it is undeniably true that many novelists are not in the least like their books, it is almost too much to expect us to identify Howard Wargrave, whose heavy, patronising, avuncular manner charmed Aline's daughter, Dallas, with the author of that witty, naughty, sprightly novel, "Bread and Cherries." Mrs. Seymour sometimes pins on to her characters labels which do not seem to belong to them. Carin herself, one feels, is essentially too serious-minded to have had the kind of past she is credited with. At the same time, she interests us not only by what she is, but, perhaps more, by what she thinks and says. And this is true, in a greater or less degree, of most of the characters. Their opinions are worth listening to. Sometimes they make too much fuss over a trifle, like the drowning of the kittens, but as a rule their sense of the relative importance of things (even when they disagree about them) is remarkably keen.

Latter-day Fables. The letterpress of Mr. James Thurber's "Fables for Our Time" has, every now and then, a political tinge. In "The Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," "The Birds and the Foxes" and "The Rabbits Who Caused All the Trouble" it is not difficult to decide which are the Totalitarian States and which their victims. Some of the others are inspired by a more general sense of satire at the expense of the modern world. To each is appended a moral. That to "The Tiger Who Understood People" (one of my favourites) runs: "If you live as human beings do, it will be the end of you"—a very just and sensible conclusion. "The Fairly Intelligent Fly" ends with the warning, brilliantly exemplified in the fable preceding it, "There is no safety in numbers, or in anything else," another generalisation with which it would be hard to quarrel. This, and many of the other fables, are not for our time, but for all time, and the drawings, which have all Mr. Thurber's expressiveness of line, especially when he is doing dogs, his favourite subject, also belong to no particular date.

New Lights on Old Poems. The book concludes with ten illustrated poems, mostly old favourites for Victorian recitations, or drawing-room ballads, like "Excelsior" and "Young Lochinvar." It is nice to see these again, pleasant reminders of far-off, comfortable days; and in "The Sands of Dee," with its terrifying cloud-formations, luring the heroine to her doom, Mr. Thurber excels himself. The bowler-hatted young men in "Locksley Hall" one provided with a bugle to summon the narrator from his painful and self-pitying meditations, are delightful, too. Mr. Thurber's sense of humour sometimes takes the rather obvious form (familiar to readers of the *New Yorker*) of depicting as old and ugly someone who, to fulfil the rôle, ought to be young and beautiful; and his range of facial types is limited, though he can make any number of variations on that type. But at their best the drawings are deliciously free and funny and unexpected; and the text, with its grim Americanisms, those menacing wisecracks which may be thought to fall from the lips of gangsters, is peculiarly suited to the spirit of the fable, which is itself as menacing as they are.

Not so Gentlemanly. Mr. John Dollond's first steps into the realms of crime fiction have carried him into an advanced category. He plays very fairly by his reader throughout, except, perhaps, in the matter of the title, which, unless it is "writ sarcastic," is rather misleading. None of the victims meets his death by hanging, and none of them, nor their murderer, deserves the title of gentleman. Indeed, of the fairly varied cast of "A Gentleman Hangs," there are few who could justly claim to come under such a heading. Amateur detectives are in the main an unsportsmanlike race who only bet on a certainty. Mr. Dollond's is a refreshing change from them. Of his bets, only three out of four turned out winners.

The ROYAL AIR FORCE COASTAL COMMAND H.Q. *is the subject of this week's cartoon. Air Chief-Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill is the C.-in-C. of this branch of the R.A.F., to whose work of trained convoy protection and anti-submarine defence is added the work of anti-invasion reconnaissance.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Let There Be Sculpture. Jacob Epstein's Autobiography. (*Michael Joseph; 18s.*)
Fool of Time. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. (*Heinemann; 9s.*)
Fables for Our Time. By James Thurber. (*Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.*)
A Gentleman Hangs. By John Dollond. (*Longmans; 8s.*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DANIELS.

BOY OF THE LAMP.

GABRIELLE BRUNE *is the principal boy in* " ALADDIN," *Prince Littler's pantomime at Golder's Green. It's an excellent show, with Douglas Byng as the Widow Twankey, Harry Welchman and Richard Hearne as Abanazar and a Laundryman respectively, and Rubina Gilchrist as the Emperor's lovely daughter. Miss Brune, who makes a sprightly Aladdin, is having a busy time, as she is also singing at the Café de Paris.*

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WE can't tell yet. Wait until we get a little further into the New Year," said the broker. "Some people are selling securities in order to meet their Income Tax."

"We're supposed to pay that a bit earlier this year, aren't we?"

"If the country wants the money, and we know that we have to pay sooner or later, we may as well do the patriotic thing and shell out now, instead of waiting."

"There's that about it," Our Stroller acknowledged. "But you were saying——"

"Some people sell to meet Income Tax, and others buy with the money they've been using for window-dressing purposes."

"Wherefore," added the partner with great sagacity, "you have cross-currents in Stock Exchange markets for two or three weeks after the turn of every New Year."

"Taxation must be mopping up money like blotting-paper does ink. Don't you think, though," Our Stroller went on, "that the majority of men make a kind of reserve against the taxes? They begin saving up, so to speak, a month or so in advance of January."

"That's what I always mean to do; unfortunately, it seldom comes off. This year, one can sell gilt-edged stock at a good profit——"

"Assuming that you bought it a year or more ago. War Loan was ten points lower last January than it is now. And I remember I dealt in the stock at 95½ on the day that France took French leave of us."

"Last June, wasn't it?"

"About the seventeenth, I think. But the price was 100 two months later, and 103 at the end of last December. Marvellous, isn't it?"

"You sell the stock to pay taxes with, you say? How does that help you? You receive less income, naturally."

"But my capital is conserved. I bought £1000 War at 93: I sell £100 at 103; the remaining £900, at 103, leaves my capital unchanged. See?"

"That's one way of looking at it. You lose £3 10s., less tax, in income. Most of us want money for living expenses. Is war stock going to rise another ten points this year?"

"How can it? The Government have the option of paying it off in 1952, and I wouldn't like to prophesy what might happen then."

"All these gilt-edged stocks pay precious little on the money when you allow for the tax," Our Stroller observed. "May I?" and he helped himself to a cigarette from an Egyptian box on the table. "Thanks."

"You want a few high-yielders to raise the average," suggested a jobber who had just looked in to inquire (he said) about an old limit.

"Such as?"

"You can get 7½ to 10 per cent. on such shares as Cammell Laird, Hadfields, Consett Iron, Beardmore, Swan Hunter, Pease and Partners ——"

"They are all concerned with iron and steel and shipbuilding, and that kind of thing."

"I know they are. You wouldn't find the yields so high if there were not a speculative chance about them. Good concerns, though."

"People are looking ahead, I find," the partner remarked. "That's why they fight shy of rubber shares."

"What's the snag there? The present dividends seem amazingly good to me."

"So they are. Can the rubber companies keep them up? That's the doubt which restrains people from buying the shares. With oil, now, the idea is that the profits will be maintained. We're likely to see a vast expansion in aircraft for commercial purposes, and that's the reason why folks are buying oil shares."

"The same argument covers aircraft shares, but they don't seem too popular."

"That's because any type of aeroplane is so liable to become obsolete. It's a different matter with oil, of course. If you stood in the oil market you might see a spot of trade doing there. And I couldn't promise you the same about any other market in the House."

"Aren't they doing anything here?" asked Our Stroller very quietly. He had slipped into the Consol Market while the one o'clock news was being read.

The broker drew him to the marking-board in the Consol Market and, in an undertone, bade him consider the record.

The loud-speakers broke off so abruptly that Our Stroller asked if that were all.

"Three-minute news is generally enough for us," replied the broker.

"There are not a hundred marks in these stocks," Our Stroller noticed. "But your Banking shares look pretty active; quite a number of marks."

"That's because the dividends are just about to be declared. You can get five per cent. on your money with reasonable safety there, you know. Excuse me a moment: I have to look at the brewery board. Oh, there you are!" he called to the same jobber who previously had dropped in to see (he said) about a limit.

"Have you put it down already?" the broker enquired.

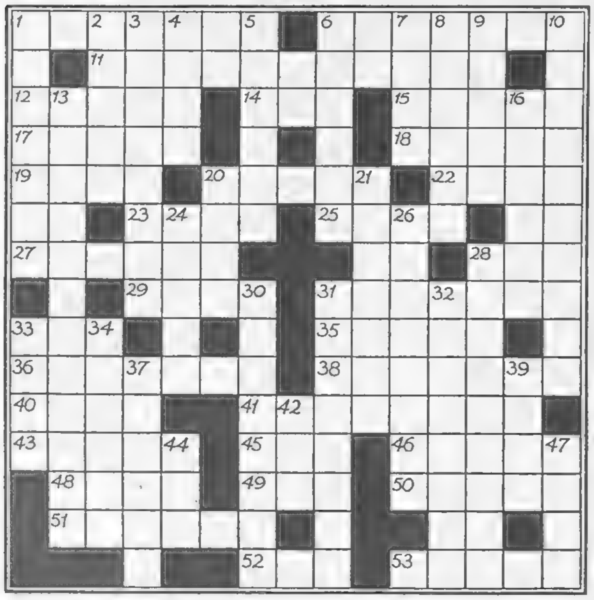
"I was waiting for you to check it. Shall we go and see about it?"

And the pair of them hospitably showed Our Stroller the Stock Exchange procedure adopted in the execution of a limit in Guinness.

Friday, Jan. 3, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)



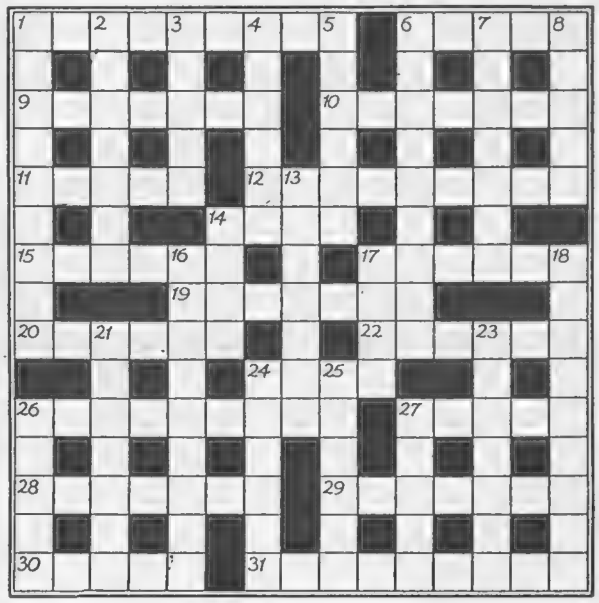
ACROSS.

1. What we are all looking forward to (7).
6. Dreaded change in postage (7).
11. Old-time frame for grins (two words; 5, 6).
12. Disappointing if damp (5).
14. Performed in work or play (3).
15. Hanging without pain (5).
17. The babbling brook does it (5).
18. Classify (5).
19. They can twist into dregs (4).
20. Wrath out of range (5).
22. Objects (4).
23. Curiosities of the Turf? (4).
25. Split (4).
27. Awkward for golfers (6).
28. Common to a penny and a half-crown (3).
29. Eruptive but possibly not untidy (4).
31. Ran crooked: quite a to-do about it (7).
33. Decay (3).
35. Famous lake (5).
36. "A hornet" (anag.; 7).
38. Fruits refreshing but not rare, except in wartime (7).
40. It's that man again (4).
41. Applicable not merely to coaling ships (8).
43. Indicative of sameness (5).
45. Greek island (3).
46. Wins as reward (5).
48. This sort of hill should not be considered a mountain (4).
49. Initials familiar to gunners (3).
50. This creature can make toast (5).
51. Microbe disturbed between errors excepted (6).
52. Found in firearms and wallets (3).
53. "Seek peace and —— it" (5).

DOWN.

1. Prayers from a darkening world (7).
2. "And one low ——, compact of thankless earth, Peep'd . . ." (5).
3. Disturbing soil in volume means hard work (8).
4. The King has one of these (4).
5. Inquisitive letter first makes No. 46 Across desires (6).
6. What the big-game hunter said as he shot a tigress (two words; 3, 3).
7. Dross drawn from convicts (4).
8. Those this are usually feathered (6).
9. Scottish island (5).
10. He died, in short, before the sittings began (10).
13. When Ministers make the responses (two words; 8, 4).
16. A bad egg, obviously (6).
20. Dean upset by Arabian port (4).
21. Woo the same woman a second time (7).
24. This water never No. 17 Across (5).
26. Famous actor swallows rat, and it tells on him (8).
28. "Such men are ——"; *e.g.*, Hitler's gang (9).
30. It whirls aloft (two words; 3 hyphen 5).
31. A big number, but its latter half far exceeds the whole (8).
32. The Roman Empire contained many alien, or —— —— races (two words; 3, 5).
33. The air variety is too familiar (4).
34. The piper's son calls savages to war (6).
37. Weekly, but strong in gossip (6).
39. Another variant of No. 20 Down (4).
42. Mechanical detail (3).
44. Eden follows it in the wedding hymn (3).
47. Spot unfit for pigs (4).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. One of the household might cause the lad dismay (5 hyphen 4).
6. You can't keep your husband if you take this title (5).
9. In a head-wind they would seem appropriate wear for women motorists (7).
10. Dry up! (7).
11. A Welshman (5).
12. With any amount of vim (9).
14. A late upheaval (4).
15. No permanent wave when you can't get your neighbour to return yours (6).
17. The other side may get the advantage in court owing to his fault (6).
19. "Has-been" (anag.; 7).
20. Stop either way (two words; 4, 2).
22. Arrange this era precisely (6).
24. Consists of four letters—or perhaps shoals of them (4).
26. Attach other bodies a horse devoured (9).
27. Coral reef containing lagoon (5).
28. This is obvious (7).
29. Colloquially the dead spit (7).
30. Number or advice to a gardener (5).
31. Quality of not splitting, but don't expect wood to have it (9).

DOWN.

1. Cease this discussion! (three words; 3, 2, 4).
2. If lured may be dreadful (7).
3. Ha! In the firmament it is none too firm (5).
4. Trial of like dimension (6).
5. Possibly as mild as far from cheerful (6).
6. Half seas over to avoid friction, perhaps (4 hyphen 5).
7. This line of kings did not seem to finish at all nicely (7).
8. In poor condition (5).
13. A form of art hose within hearing distance (7).
14. Part exchange? (4).
16. Exuberant (9).
17. A pet may produce this fuel (4).
18. Get your own back (9).
21. Elevating as applied to the face, but not to the shop (7).
23. Too utterly perfect (7).
24. A clergyman—father's height (6).
25. Where it is kept most people are unaware (6).
26. Best way to forge (5).
27. Dish inevitable to Christmas picnics (5).

DEANNA DURBIN IN THE LEGENDARY WALTZ-TIME VIENNA.

Jenny (ANNE GWYNNE) *surprised to learn that, on her first evening in Vienna, the peasant Ilonka* (DEANNA DURBIN) *has a date with a soldier.*

"SPRING PARADE," the Universal picture due at the New Gallery on January 5, is a merry story set in the legendary pre-war pre-*Anschluss* Vienna of wine, waltzes and laughter. DEANNA DURBIN, now grown up, is Ilonka, a peasant girl. She 's first seen at a fair, where she dances the Czardas, as illustrated on our double-page, finds herself in Vienna, as prophesied by a fortune-teller at the fair, and meets Harry Marten, with whom she falls in love. Harry gets into trouble with the military authorities, but Ilonka's charm gets him out, and all ends with Imperial merriment at the Emperor's ball.

DEANNA DURBIN, *as Ilonka Tolnay, the peasant girl, in the lovely dress she wears for the Emperor's ball in Vienna.*

Ilonka and Jenny, the bakehouse girls, come back to the shop after their evening out in gay Vienna.

Ilonka and Laci Teschek, the baker (S. Z. SAKALL), *received by the Emperor* (HENRY STEPHENSON) *at the ball.*

Ilonka is invited to sing at the Imperial ball and finds that Harry Marten (ROBERT CUMMINGS) *is the conductor of the orchestra.*

DEANNA DURBIN *in the horizon-blue taffeta dress and sailor hat of champagne straw braid which she wears for her audience with the Emperor.*

HIS OWN BUSINESS.*

By "WING SLIP."

"MY boy bought a fifty-cent 'Spitfire' model from 'Cap.' Dovercourt at the Bon Toy Mart yesterday. The kid asks me: 'Gee, Dad; I bet Captain Dovercourt 's got what it takes. Why isn't he fighting in Europe?'" The District Attorney scowled. "I didn't tell young Wayne that his hero was a black-sheep consort of crooks——"

Chief of Police Benjamin Morris winced. A family man, he knew how the D.A. felt. "That 'Englishman' smells, Mr. Nixon. We tolerate absconding politicians, swamis, counts and communists from Europe, but we don't have to stand for a flyer peddling patriotism and model aeroplanes in departmental stores while our own boys join the Eagle Squadron to fight in Europe!"

The D.A. looked at the raindrops rolling down the window. He turned irritably back to Morris. "If he was a right guy—didn't read the war flashes—didn't put his nose into other people's business, so to speak, Ben, I wouldn't mind. He gave a talk on British fighter tactics down at the Rotary Club last Wednesday. They expected to see a scarred old sky-warrior, not a young man tanned and fit. Wilcox and Kline asked me if I knew that Dovercourt runs around with that crook, Gus Wien. I tell you, Ben, if the gallant Captain is not jailed or deported *pronto*, I 'm going to lose a lotta popularity!"

The Chief spread a damp copy of *The Plain Speaker* on the desk. "One of the blackmailin' rags it 's my duty to read, Mr. Nixon. See that?" He pencilled around an item which read: "*We saw a certain English air ace—or is he?—parked in the Brown Derby last p.m. Does he wonder why nobody wants his autograph any more?*" Followed a Union Jack, captioned: "*This is your Flag, Captain. Fight for it!*"

The D.A. sat back and studied his finger-nails. Then he looked up, scowling. "You usually act while I 'm worrying, Ben. What have you got on this air-gangster? Enough to jail him?"

"I got Detective Comisky busy."

"That old soak?"

"Never sober, never soused; an Irishman of action, Mr. Nixon. Describes Dovercourt as a kinda 'sole mob.' He reports the Cap's apartment costs more than a model-'plane demonstrator earns in a year of Christmases. He 's never seen with a doll. Keeps his mouth buttoned up."

"What about Comrade Gus Wien?"

"Sold 'Earn While You Learn' art courses. Promoted Academy of Aeronautics. 'The Master Pilot Course is approved by Captain Dovercourt, Test Pilot, featured player in *Hell Flyers*.' The Englishman's name and picture gets 'em. Cross-eyed youths and spavined old men in their second childhood pay them for wads of duplicated 'lessons.'"

The 'phone burred. The D.A. picked up the receiver. "It 's for you, Ben—Comisky."

The detective breathed huskily. "I gotta break, Chief. I been tailin' the Cap, see? He parked three nights this week on a gravel side-road near the abandoned Mission Beach Airport, and did a Walt Disney soft-foot up to the hangar, see?

"Maybe he seen my headlights when I was tailin' him—maybe he ain't, but after a few minutes he creeps back to his car and loses me in the hills. But listen, Chief—I gotta scheme, see? I 'll ring you back at the D.A.'s by-and-by."

After repeating the message to Mr. Nixon, the Chief tapped his pencil on the desk. "Get Semple over from the Customs, Wayne; I gotta hunch." The Customs man came over. He heard Ben out. He whistled. "I think you got something there, Chief. Smuggling!"

The D.A. pulled on his overshoes. "I don't know—but I figure he 's aiming to be a sort of gorblimey muscle-man, trying to take Wien for Gus's confidential racket, whatever it may be. See you after lunch."

Up to late afternoon they had done little but consume cigars. Comisky 'phoned. "Get ready for action. I told you I schum a scheme! I joined Wien's Academy this morning. No kiddin'! Honest. When I was writin' out a piece about cauliflower-rumbus clouds, I hears them snarling and steps over to the keyhole. Wien growls, in his high-falutin' way, 'You are keeping too close to me, Captain. I don't appreciate it. I 'm willing to share.'

"'Fine, Gus,' laughs the Cap. 'You said a smart thing. What 's your racket?'

"Wien sounds as though he 's shuddering. 'You make me nervous. I cannot bear slang. You didn't speak a bit like that in *Hell Flyers*. I 'm having friends fly heroin and cocaine into this State for medical purposes. If you keep discreet, there is monetary rewards coming to you. You have seen me with a camera. I would not hope to deceive you, Captain. You may assist me this afternoon.'"

Comisky chuckled. "Here 's a laugh: they comes in where I 'm 'studyin'' and, passing me up as just another air-bug, they loads up a swell-looking cine-camera right in front of my eyes. I grabs a look at my watch, see?—and figures I 'll get you at the D.A.'s. Hop down to the main lobby, Pantage's building, right away!"

After a short wait outside the building they saw Wien and the Captain get into the Academy car and ease into the traffic line. Detective Comisky slipped out of the building cafeteria and joined the trio. Despite lethargic windscreen wipers, they kept the car in sight. It headed into the county.

They stopped now and then, and through Temple's binoculars spotted the pair ahead shooting pictures of unobstructed fields. Comisky leaned over from the back seat. "They want to pick the best landing-ground and then deal with the farmer for damage to young crops and no questions asked, see? They 'll use the barn for storage and get the dope away at nights!"

The D.A. concurred. "Wien will supply a picture of the chosen field. The Cap is just the man to provide navigational directions—I don't have to have my nose rubbed in a fact like that! Look!"

The figures ahead seemed satisfied with the last shot, for they started up and drove fast. They turned off at a dirt-road and wound across the county and through the hills until they hit the Mission Road, and turned into it towards the old flying-field. Comisky grunted. "As Mr. Nixon said, the Cap was getting wise to Wien's racket—tailin' him here every night, see?"

Temple, the Customs investigator, had not spoken during the chase. He now pulled his gun. "Pull up. They 've parked in front of the old hangar. Let 's get 'em before they give us a headache from here to China. I 've been wanting to plug that white-livered Englishman for some time!"

The three put their collars up against the rain. As they walked soundlessly up to the erection, the Chief pointed. "A 'plane track—recent!" Comisky took a swallow from his flask and drew his gun also. Peering through the chinks in the rotted wood, they almost stopped breathing: a tableau!

In the background was a stubby aircraft gleaming in the electric lights. Wien was huddled over a work-bench, his partner nudging him with a short length of rubber hose. "Plain English and no slang now, Gussie, old man. When I suddenly halted to 'tie my shoelace,' my sensitive *empennage* registered that you gripped a gun in your pocket. Is that fair? Now that you haven't got your weapon, we can go thoroughly into our accounts!"

The watchers, oblivious of the rain, saw the Captain point to a dark corner. "You wasted your energy these last few nights digging that hole for me. I 'm walking away from this 'ride.' Now for a little psycho-analysis."

Wien groaned: "I didn't ever mean to use that hose on you, Cap."

"Speak *English*, quickly. Where is *it*?" demanded Dovercourt, his teeth reflecting the light. Wien sneered: "Where do *you* think?"

The hose came down across Wien's shoulders. Comisky sighed audibly. He whispered: "Lookit that wallop, Chief! Us cops is ruint wit unrestricted immigration——"

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FEATURE PHOTOS.

PRINCIPAL GIRL FOR "MOTHER GOOSE."

LOIS DAVIS *is Jill, the principal girl for Prince Littler's pantomime, "Mother Goose," produced at Streatham Hill on December 26 for a four-weeks season. Stanley Lupino plays the title-rôle, and Hal Bryan is Idle Jack; while Jean Carr is Colin and Marian Gerth Gretchen. London's other Pantos. are, "Aladdin" at the Coliseum, and at Golders Green; and "Mother Goose" at Kingston.*

Continued.]

Gus Wien moaned, " Under the bench." The three men watched Dovercourt swing a hinged black metal box from its fitting under the bench up and to the top of the bench. Chrome switches shone. The D.A. ejaculated, " Communication radio ! ". They saw the Captain sling the headphones into the darkness beyond the radius of light. He jerked up the valves and shivered them on the concrete floor. His capable hands gutted the connections.

" Now, Gus, old chap, free yourself of crippling inhibitions." The hose slapped gently. " You are more frightened than hurt. The United States won't find a mark on you."

Dovercourt turned and appraised the squat aeroplane. " That 's a derivative type, old man, from the Orient. Not eight months ago, I watched that type being built. Two short gentlemen, keen to learn the extent of American help to Britain, decided to come here in that machine and make contacts. I arrived here first, and have kept in touch with aviation's black sheep here. You happened to be the individual who fell for their proposition."

Wien sobbed, " You 're right, Cap. The ' dope ' story was boloney. I 've given them the production figures and the layout of every aircraft plant from here to British Columbia. I might have known this field was not abandoned without good reason. They couldn't get off again. The rain has made soft spots all over the field." He smiled stubbornly. " I bet I had the D.A. and Customs guessing——"

" Yeah. Me too, old man. They must think I 'm a damned rascal. Thank heaven this long, unpleasant job is finished. The D.A. will see your Oriental employers safe in Alcatraz. He didn't know that in attending to you I was minding my own business, the confounding of *The King's* and *The President's* enemies ! "

Dovercourt nudged Wien with the hose. " Comisky, our student with the police presentation watch, will help you into the car. I can smell his alcoholic breath from here ! "

Comisky drew back quickly. " Can you beat that ! "

Young Wayne Nixon is keen on joining the Eagle Squadron.

THE END.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes for 1941 has just been published. It is one of the most useful of all books of reference, as it is a handy volume, which occupies a small amount of space on the writing-desk, and yet it contains over 30,000 biographies arranged in alphabetical order. Many of these will not be found in other reference books, as Kelly's includes not only those who have titles and honours, or who hold high rank in the Services, but those who are prominent in the various counties as landowners or magistrates. In addition to the biographies, Kelly's gives lists of the names of Governors throughout the Empire, representatives of the Dominions and of foreign countries in England, and our Ambassadors and Ministers abroad. It also contains a list of the Members of both Houses and is a first-class two guineas' worth of information. The work of bringing it up to date has been more difficult than usual owing to war conditions, but every care has been taken to maintain Kelly's high standard of accuracy, and to bring the information as up to date as possible.

In peacetime the current *Who 's Who* stands on everyone's desk as a convenience—in wartime it becomes a necessity, for with the change-over to national service conditions, promotions become rapid, and in spite of the closest study of the daily papers, it would be impossible to remember which of one's friends or acquaintances had been honoured by an award of any kind. Since to address people correctly is a first principle of good manners, *Who 's Who* is now indispensable, and it is good news that the 1941 edition is on sale at 65s. net. This volume reports all occurrences up to August last, and in the Obituary records deaths reported up to October. It contains concise biographies of all men and women prominent in any walk of life, together with a useful list of abbreviations used in the volume, and a table of the Royal Family.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXXI.

EXAMPLES BY EXPERTS !

I SUPPOSE there is no ethical reason why a bridge expert with a pet theory should not take up a pack of cards and arrange a few hands as examples of the truth of his theory. Thus it is a simple matter to give a player the complete suit of spades and demonstrate (*vide* Culbertson) that the opening bid of seven spades is a bad one, because you take care to give the next player a hand on which he can bid and make seven no-trumps. The chances, however, about this particular state of affairs cropping up are some fifty million (or is it a billion ?—I am not sure which) to one against, so the hands are not dealt often enough at actual play to cause experts to stress the correct bidding of them. Then it is not difficult to so fix the cards that you must open the bidding with one spade (and make four) on four trumps to the five and no outside card higher than a knave. See :

Spades—A, K, Kn.
Hearts—x, x, x.
Clubs—A, 10, 9.
Diamonds—10, x, x, x.

N

West			East
Spades—Q, x, x.			Spades—x, x, x.
Hearts—K, 10, x, x, x.	W	E	Hearts—A, Q, x.
Clubs—Q.			Clubs—K, 8. [x.
Diamonds—A, Kn, x, x.			Diamonds—K, Q, x, x,

S

Spades—5, 4, 3, 2.
Hearts—Kn, x.
Clubs—Kn, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—None.

You, South, open the bidding with one spade. The best authorities are not in favour of this opening—the hand does not contain sufficient honour tricks. Somehow or other the final contract is four spades, and West leads the ace of diamonds. You ruff this and lead a trump, taking the finesse in dummy, who leads the ace and a small club. Now East-West can only make two heart tricks, whatever they do, and you make your contract. It should be noted that this is the only game contract you can make, and that *you* must open the bidding to do it. Thus are all the soundest principles of contract upset, but this layout of cards is not likely to be seen more than once in fifty years or thereabouts, which is not often enough for the authorities to get excited about it.

I just quote these silly cases to show what you can do with a pack of cards when nobody 's looking, and to point out how idiotic it is for anyone with a bee in his bonnet about some particular subject to quote examples that have no actual bearing on that subject at all.

For instance, a certain expert looks upon an over-call of an original opposition bid as a major contract sin. He speaks in contempt of these bids as " one of those over-calls." Now the following hand was dealt at duplicate—

Spades—x, x.
Hearts—x, x.
Clubs—A, Q, Kn, x, x, x.
Diamonds—Kn, x, x.

N

West			East
Spades—Q, 10, x, x.			Spades—A, K, 9, x, x,
Hearts—Q, 10, 9.	W	E	Hearts—A, x, x. [x.
Clubs—K, 8.			Clubs—x, x.
Diamonds—Q, 9, x, x.			Diamonds—K, x.

S

Spades—Kn.
Hearts—K, Kn, x, x, x.
Clubs—10, x, x.
Diamonds—A, 10, x, x.

East bid a spade and South bid two hearts. It seems that at one table East made his contract of four spades, because " thanks to ' one of those over-calls ' he was able to place the king of hearts." Did he ? He certainly did not. He made contract because South opened with the ace of diamonds—the worst possible lead—and continued with another diamond, the next possible worst lead. At the other table, where no over-call was made, the same contract was defeated one trick. Because no over-call was made ? Of course not, but because the saner lead of the knave of trumps was made, and two clubs, one heart, and one diamond were cold. This example, therefore, is just as silly as the two given above. It proves exactly nothing, except, of course, that one of the Souths is an astonishingly bad bridge player.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, JANUARY 1.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

Across.—1. French for Love. 8. Liege, 9. Silence. 10. Often. 11. Alchemy. 13. Solo. 15. Tureen. 16. Basset. 19. Lied. 21. Employs. 24. Maize. 25. Extreme. 26. Round. 27. Fresh as a Daisy.

Down.—1. Fall of the Leaf. 2. Elector. 3. Cleanses. 4. Fiscal. 5. Relic. 6. Ounce. 7. Every Other Day. 12. Lobe. 14. Only. 17. Admired. 18. Stimuli. 20. Islets. 22. Pathé. 23. Oweth.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD

Across.—1. Goldfish. 5. Morbid. 9. Neuritis. 10. Odious. 12. Light Soil. 14. Abler. 15. Ass. 16. Dorcas. 19. Tongs. 22. Overs. 23. Bayard. 25. Tom. 28. Knife. 29. Enclosure. 32. Trilby. 33. Plutarch. 34. Others. 35. Cape Horn.

Down.—1. Gentle. 2. Lounge. 3. Faint. 4. Sligo. 6. Old Master. 7. Broiling. 8. Distrust. 11. Flashy. 13. Sir. 17. Oyster Bar. 18. Cabmen. 20. Cockatoo. 21. Devilish. 24. All. 26. Quarto. 27. Peahen. 30. Celia. 31. Outre.

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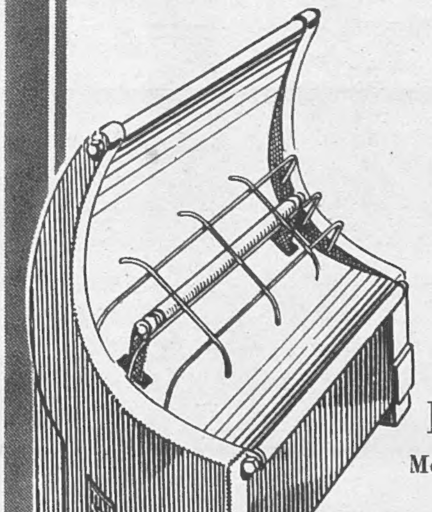

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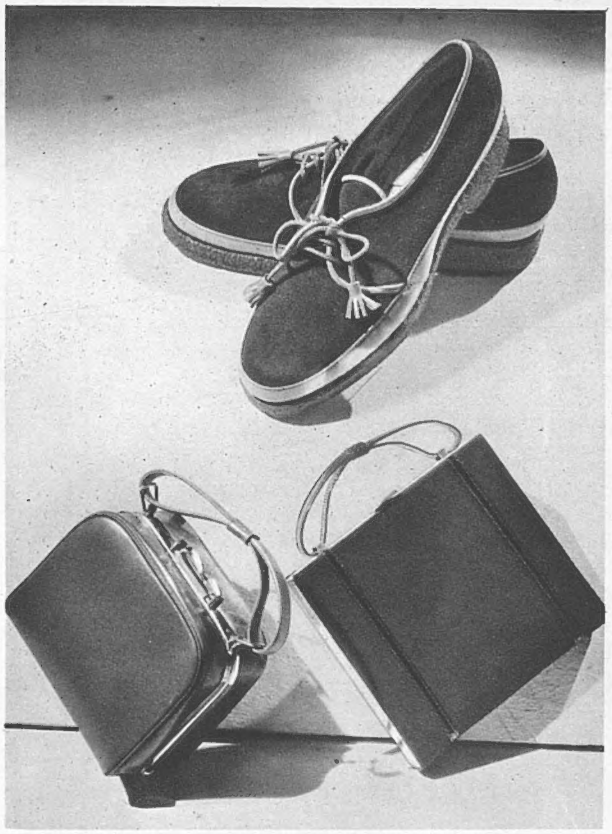


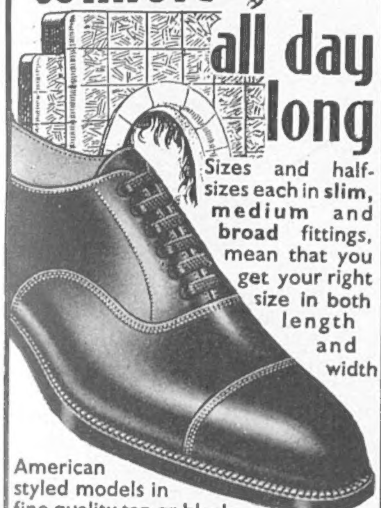
FRESH accessories give a New Year's lift to your outfit. Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, have the rubber-soled shoes above in gaily contrasting colours. The handbag on the right, fully fitted, is in suède, and the "Gladstone" in calf.

NOW that the supply of beauty preparations is restricted, they have to be chosen more carefully than ever. Yardley's still have their delightful Bond Street perfume, at prices from 5s. 6d., and they use this fragrance for their English Complexion Powder (2s. 6d. and 4s. 3d.). Their lipsticks cost 3s. 8d., and you can get refills in any of the shades for 1s. 10d. These preparations can be bought everywhere, or at 33, Old Bond Street.

A DRESS to relax in, something graceful and flattering to soothe you after a hard day's war-work? Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, suggest this soft woollen housegown, with long scrolls of raised embroidery concealing the sliding fastener. It is cleverly cut on slimming lines, with a panel at the back to keep a flowing silhouette. They will copy it in velvet, if you want a more luxurious fabric. An inexpensive dinner frock here in soft woollen, long-sleeved and full-skirted, has a high neckline and a draped belt, good for draughty country houses.

H.L.S. says:

Here's fireside comfort all day long



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American styled models in fine quality tan or black calf. British made.

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SHOES FOR MEN

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JOHN SHORTLAND LTD. (Dept. S)
Irthlingborough, NORTHAMPTONshire.

THE SKETCH in Wartime

OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of getting your copy of THE SKETCH each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy and in future no periodicals can be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

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Don't yield to invading cold germs. Attack their breeding places, at the back of nose and throat, with Vapex. A drop on your handkerchief provides a pleasant, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic vapour, deep-breathed to destroy germ colonies. Stuffiness and congestion are quickly relieved; entire respiratory system is stimulated to dispel cold naturally—safely.

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APPROVED BY DOCTORS

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ONE could not wonder — at any rate, nobody did wonder—that Cheng should have been smitten by Rosie, since Rosie was a rare item in the London scene. One can go about London all day for a week and seldom see a living creature. Millions of animated phantoms pass along, but only when one of the Rosies flashes by does one realise the meaning of being alive. Rosie was unmistakably alive. She was alive in eyes, fingers, brow, shoulders, and shoes, and in the electric frisk of her frock and her hair. Even when standing still she seemed to be dancing, and in movement she was a stream of golden rain. No wonder, then, that when she answered his humble and reverent invitation by saying " What next ? " and then adding—well, perhaps she might; she 'd see how she felt ; it might be a bit of fun ; no wonder he seemed to be knocked off the perch of life on which he had so precarious a footing. No wonder that he was apparently so bemused and distracted by those casual words that he went and bought three hundred paper roses to garnish his dwelling for her delight.

But Sway Lim was right. Cheng did not know his Rosie, or any other girl. And when the story, spread by Sway Lim, came to her that afternoon, she said, " What ! " in such a tone that if Cheng had heard it, even his slow mind might have gathered that all was not well. Decorating the front of his house, in *her* honour, with *paper* roses !

Roses Round the Door
by Thomas Burke.

• • •

The Knitting Section is a regular feature. Here are TWO of the new designs in the January issue.

It was customary at that time for rulers to grant the headship of nunneries to women of noble birth ; and it often happened that they were chosen from among certain ladies who would be better out of the way.

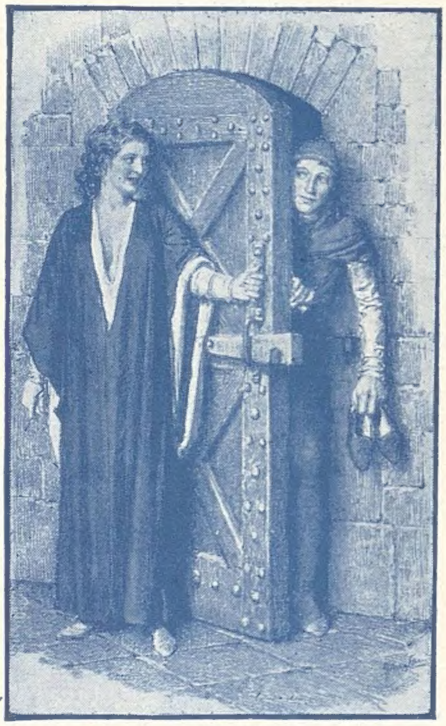
They were not sent there to expiate their past by a life of religious piety. On the contrary, they were given free rein, and but for the high morals of the rest of the inmates, these holy places would soon have earned for themselves quite a different name.

It was as the head of a convent that Eadburga was placed by Charlemagne.

Her exceptional learning was probably her only qualification, and it was certainly the only redeeming feature of such an appointment. But the teaching she could impart was unfavourably counterbalanced by the bad example she set in her mode of life.

Nature, like the leopard, does not change its spots ; and the amorous disposition of this woman, born for a life of sensual ease and pleasure, soon found a way to open her cell to an ardent lover. This lover was a countryman of hers, and their meetings were so scandalously frequent that, despite the eminence of her position, Eadburga's conduct was reported to the Emperor.

"Queen Eadburga of Wessex"
Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

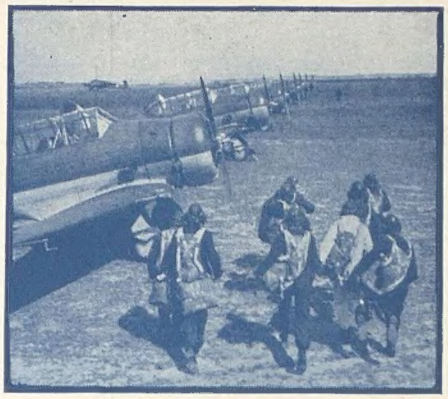


Some of the contents of the JANUARY issue which will interest the practical woman

"NEW YEAR OUTLOOK"—By Louisa Kay.
"CHECK UP ON YOUR LOOKS"—By Chrysis.
"CLOTHES WITH A FUTURE"—Fashions by Jean Burnup.
"WITH NO APOLOGIES" — By Winifred Lewis, whose writings are of interest to every homelover.
"LUNCH IN THE OFFICE"—Cookery Feature by Harriet Muir.
"PURCHASE TACTICS"—By Mary Young.
"HOUSE HOROSCOPE."
"ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT."

All the family will enjoy

"THE GREEKS MEET"—By Arthur Mills.
"LOVE CAN BE WONDERFUL"—By Peter Cheyney.
"A MATTER OF PERSUASION"—By Stanley Jackson.
"TORPEDOED"—By G. Purssey Phillips.
"THE WINGED BOMB"—By C. Patrick Thompson.
"MIDDLE SEA"—By C. Fox Smith.
BOOKS:—Reviewed by Noel Thompson.



The squadron leader to whom I was talking in the mud was one of the flying instructors, some of them sergeants, others flying officers and flight lieutenants. They have an average of eight pupils each, four at a time. Promptly at 1.45 p.m. the pupils report at their respective flight on the edge of the great field. Here are the machines, and the tents where they receive their instructions, corrections, and sign the authorisation book, which is the official record of the work done in the air.

These are tremendous moments for the beginner. He is about to take up his first monoplane, and on his performance in the first few days may really depend whether or not he is made an officer, a sergeant, or just a civilian again. This is a stern business. If a man is backward in flying sense, there is no time nowadays to nurse him. He is going to be a fighter pilot—or nothing.

" Let me see now," says the squadron leader, " you, Smith, you 've had your cockpit drill, haven't you ? Yes, well, come on . . . we 'll take 7045."

Cockpit drill is the method by which the pupil is made spontaneously familiar with the various controls.

" I notice that you call them ' machines.' " I said. " You don't use any of the old R.F.C. slang ? "

" No," said the squadron leader seriously. " We call them ' machines ' or just ' aircraft.' "

But twenty minutes later he was referring, I noticed, to an obsolete type as a " ropy crate " ; the Royal Air Force guards its jargon jealously.

Pupil and instructor crawled into the bright yellow " Harvard " and in a few seconds, with an ear-splitting roar unique in modern navigation, the American machine was shooting across the field and into the air. Five minutes later it was down again.

If you have a friend in the R.A.F., you will find " Training the Fighter Pilots " intensely interesting.

• • •

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